# the watermark

volume xiii

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# the watermark

volume xiii

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# editor's note

Deciding to publish our second Fall Issue was exciting. We knew we had a lot of work ahead, especially when we decided to expand it to include fiction, non-fiction and color artwork. But, confident of our own motivation if nothing else and the support of our staff we went ahead, and we think the result speaks for itself.

We wish there was more we could offer than our thanks in return for all the support and help we've received! So many people have been involved in the production of this issue, and our gratitude goes out to everyone, but especially our tireless staff, the invaluable facutly here, and our wonderful friends. We feel we must aknowledge some people by name: Caroline Taggart of the OHT Gallery (www.ohtgallery.com) for judging the Art Award and the Art Department and Margaret Hart for funding it; John Fulton for judging the Chet Frederick Fiction Award; Kevin Bowen for judging the Martha Collins Poetry Award; Neal Bruss for judging the Non-Fiction Award; the Creative Writing Department for funding the Fiction and Poetry Awards; Askold Melnyczuk for his neverending support and advice; the Undergraduate Student Senate; Caroline Coscia and the Graduate Student Assembly; Vice Chancellor Charlie Titus for his encouragement; Bernadette Levasseur and Brian LeBlanc at Atrium Reprographics for putting up with out last minute requests; Donna Neal and the Student Life staff for all their help; and everyone who submitted this year and in the past.

Congratulations and thanks to Skyela Heitz for providing us with a beautiful cover, which also won the Richard Yarde Art Award – her other pieces can be found on page 76.

We apologize to Melissa Coe, whose piece Baskets was mistakenly omitted from last semester's issue. It can be found on page 73.

To our staff: thank you, thank you, thank you. You have made putting together this issue more fun than this much work should be.

Amber Johns & Erica Mena
October 2005

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# poetry

## Tanya Boroff

### *Cliché*

The snow is piled up
again, another foot or so,
on top of the previous
foot, and I still haven't
shoveled because it looks
so nice, so cliché, like a giant
white marshmallow in the back-
yard, like a big clean sheet
dropped over the tired world,
like another storm I didn't
shovel, the one that happened
in the middle of the night
in December and then we woke up
and dad was gone. They said
he left us high and dry
but isn't that better
than low and wet? Low-income and wet
from the snow that started
in December and didn't stop until it was
time for the tulips to bloom and dad to
come home. They didn't, and he
didn't, but the snow defied all odds—
it wouldn't melt even under
the absurd orange sun, the color
of the government cheese we had
to stay inside and eat before
Christmas came and Santa sent the local
fire department to deliver us
a turkey, some socks, mittens, boots and
a few new toys, and we spent
the winter forgetting the storm that came
in early December when dad
left and the devastating winter
turned us into such an overused cliché.

## Tanya Boroff

### *In Astoria*

Four days before
St. Patrick's Day, in the last snow-
fall before spring
arrives, we get lost again
in Astoria—the same wrong
turn we always take from the same wrong
lane on the Triboro Bridge—
watching the skyline instead
of the road, searching for change
to pay the tolls, making dinner
plans and an eighteen-wheeler rolls
by on the right and blocks the signs,
I keep left instead of bearing
right until the uneven sky-
line is out of sight and we find ourselves
back on the boulevard, lost again
in Astoria. We were here in the dark once
on your birthday, after drinks
on Spring Street, we took
the N train from Soho to Astoria
Boulevard, and we were lost
on purpose that time, hoping we'd get to know
the street signs, but we spent the whole ride
laughing about other days, about
how your Chevy Nova stalled in the rain
right near the corner of Sound and Steinway, or when
we had lunch at Alomeda and forgot
to pay, and we forgot to watch, but it was hard
anyway to see anything through the train

window, and in northwest Queens
it seems as though we're always lost
in the rain or snow, and the snow
falls slower on the boulevards
here, and the windows are never
perfectly clear, but it's beautiful
on this boulevard, and it seems
like hours we've been alone
in this car. The snow turns to rain
and then back to snow. It's four days
before your next birthday, snowing
too hard to turn back so we might
as well stay, lost again
in Astoria.

## Bonnie Campbell

### *April*

In the pond at dusk,
the dissonant frogs invoke
the spring moon's rising.

## Danny Diamond

### *City Doves*

I love to watch subway birds fly
from trembling ties while an oncoming train
swoops down the tracks like a fifty-ton falcon,
shaving the steel with its break-shoe screeches.

I like them to lift off almost
too late, while the platform's vibration
pushes a pint of blood

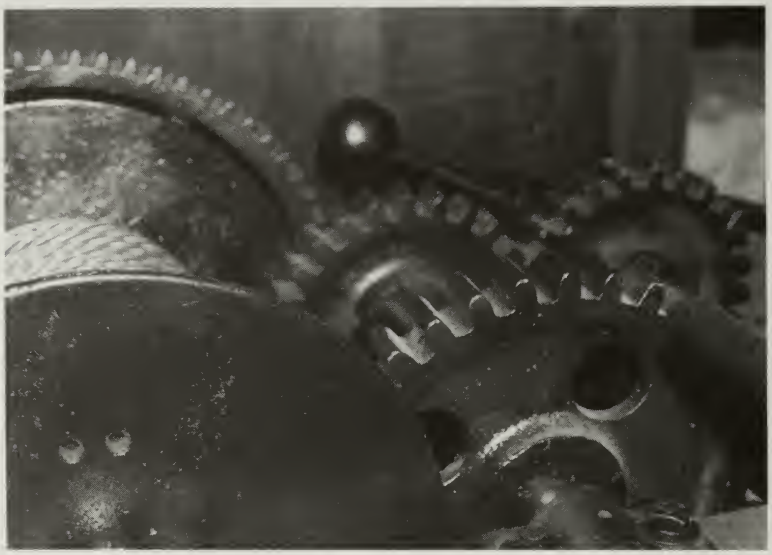
through my ventricles and makes
my heart double-beat—

a pigeon hyper-extends its wings

so the that the feathertips touch together
before blurring in furious flight above

the vacuous jaws of its unnatural predator. The
city dove ascends with a countenance as casual
as its company of cosmopolitan travelers,

some of whom watch the silhouetted
wings whirling in their capricious escape,
while filling the belly of the stationary steel bird
in neatly filed lines.



**Lauren Rich**
*Inner Workings* | *Silhouette #5*
Black & White Photography

## Danny Diamond

### *Orange Crush*

You were drinking June's citric sunshine
when I first saw you, a bright and bitter
sixteen behind blue sourpatch eyes;

strawberry-sized abrasions exposed
on your hip-bones; crimson and cream
track shorts rolled below blood drips.

You wore a butter-yellow T-shirt with a birthday-
cake on the front and a caption: I never met
a carbohydrate that I didn't like. So I

suckered you with confectionate verse,
consummated by incautious mixtures
of peach schnapps and orange crush.

We spent the summer night-swimming,
tasting cool salt-water kisses and
weightless waves of moonlit molasses.

Four years later I am sugar-free, but still sweet-
toothed with swirled dark chocolate
irises and a rock-candy smile.

You no longer lean behind the counter
of an ice-cream shop, watching fourth of July
fireworks sprinkle over black-raspberry clouds.

I no longer save quarters in a coffee can for a lick
of your lemondrop lips or a chance to call long
distance and ask how your tastes have changed.

## Paula Kolek-Maconi

### *Galatea*

uses broad sweeps of vermillion to flesh
the round of his skin;
thick strokes of oil extensions
of arms, belly, and pelvis.

Her brush—articulate snake's tongue—
flicks the canvas,
the stiff cobalt-tipped boar bristles
dab shadows at his groin

and wrists. Her palette knife slits
fat layers of paint down
to coarse cloth—lines denoting violence
or strands of hair. She presses

parted lips to his
and expels warm breath.

**Keith Hubert**
*Untitled*
Black & White Photography

## Deborah Pfieffer

### *Telling My Daughter About God*

She asked about the dark.

I told her that You're the train whistle at night,
that You're the fire in the engine
sending smoke trails
like simple sentences.

I told her You are jungle and hyperbole—
thunder, Saturn's rings, the Milky Way,
a bible, mystery.

I told her You're a black cape falling behind stars
to make heaven show up—

or an elephant, a pendulum lumbering,
assimilating sage's odors and
wearing the weight of the world
like a habit.

## Kevin Richardson

### *The Winter Tree*

*for Louise Glück, Sylvia Plath, and Sylvia Plimack Mangold*

What I take for sadness
is your misunderstanding of beauty.
You are unpracticed at seeing.

Look at these limbs:
these boughs that bow before you
quivering in the blue clarity of this November day,
crowning the lower half of the sky
with pikes that reach for the last vestiges of sun.

Why do you look through me
as if the empty space means more
than my grey limbs?

Do the twigs that wind themselves
in crosshatches and bleeding veins,
trouble your vision of the perfect sky?
Do my bare limbs make you sad?

Winter is just beginning,
and all already you feel lost.
You mourn the passing of the sugar maple leaf,
sunburst and honey-licked,
like it will never return.

You think it falls for you,
as if all of my color,
all of my bloom were meant
for your understanding.

While you wait for me to color myself
or birth the apple-blossom,
while your children climb my arm, my leg,
while you carve your love letters into me,
I will remember how you looked at me in winter.

**Theodora Kamenidis**
*Dots*
Black & White Photography

## Carrie Schuman

### *I Remember the Time She Stared at Painted Ships and Cried*

Summer came that year,
ruby throated and cautious,
4th of July,
fireflies hid
in the tails of fireworks.
The night was hot and left
salt on the skin.
She was walking through town,
looking at the waning shop
lights,
when the shaped sails of
miniature vessels in a window
caught her eye.
Her fingers touched the
smooth glass and
she started to cry,
like she was remembering something.

She died when I was nineteen
on a day that was not different enough
from all the others.
I felt small and young.

I still picture her now,
like I want to,
Her hair drawn back,
held with stars,
and night,
Her,
shining in the shadows,
drinking the mists
of spring,
healthy,
and whole.

Sometimes, the air
is cool and noise falls
to the ground
like a heavy smoke.
I think of her on occasion,
how I will never touch
her soft face, again.
I think of her,
when silence comes and sits
on my steps
like a beggar.

**Bonnie Vallie**
*Tranquility*
Black & White Photography

## Michael Simons

# *Mad Lib*

This is the end of madness. It's time to heal, even though

*it may be several weeks*
*before you start to feel*

, we start to feel, patched-up. But the act, the act is what matters. Right? I'm going to get cleaned up real good; will stop drinking and everything, I promise. And when I do, I'll rest my hand on your cheek and kiss and apologize and love

*better*

than I ever did before. It's effort, you know, I'm trying. God knows I'm trying. I really won't be around so much. No more late nights pounding your door, none of that, I'm sorry about that too. I'm going to give you all the time and space and all so

*even when you*
*start to feel*

some forgiveness, you can have the distance to make sure that it's right and all. Once you're sure, we'll have a helluva reunion. "I miss you," "I miss you too," "My life is so much

*better*

with you in it." Then we could even have a romantic dinner, I'll even order a coke (won't you be proud), then you'll come back to my place and you'll even spend the night, "

*do not stop*

!" Yah, that's what you'll say the third time around. And when you get up to get a glass of water, you'll see the pills and ask, "Are you

*taking Zoloft*

?" And I'll show you scars and holes in the walls, hidden behind pictures of landscapes and monotypes of fetuses, which you made a few years back. And we'll have a good cry;

*without*

you ever saying a single word. Oh, life really is beautiful when it isn't just

*talking to your doctor.*

**Bonnie Perez-Feldmen**
*Dream*
Charcoal

## Yasuhito Yamamoto

### *Ai, Too*

(in the dream of Langston Hughes)

Ai, too, sing a-meili-ca.

Ai are the equal members.
You send ai out of your circle
when History comes,
but ai laugh,
keep 抱負,
and grow tough.

Tomorrow,
ai'll be among you
when History comes.
Nobody'll dare
say to ai
"Go back to your home"
then.

Besides,
they'll see how beautiful ai are
and appreciate.

Ai, too, are a-美丽-ca.

**Carol Brackett**
*The View of a Tutor*
Charcoal

# fiction

## Frances Araujo

### *The Appearances*

They first appeared in Maeve O'Leary's living room on the tenth anniversary of her husband's death. She hadn't noticed the date until she was telling the psychiatrist about it in the office. Because the appointment was late in the afternoon, and because she didn't see well to drive after dark, her daughter Kate had driven her, and sat in the office with her as she explained to Dr. Limbert.

"I saw them first on April seventeenth," she said.

"April seventeenth! The anniversary of Daddy's death," Kate said. She sat up straight and looked hard at Maeve. "You never told me the exact date."

"Well, dear, I didn't notice." Maeve shrugged. She had a long horsy face and her gray hair formed soft curls around her forehead and temples. She wore thick glasses.

"How could you not notice?" Kate lifted her eyebrows at the psychiatrist and tightened her lips.

"I became aware of the date when I was re-reading my diary this morning. I knew we were coming to talk to the doctor today, so I made a few mental notes." Maeve turned away from her daughter and gave a nod to the psychiatrist, who jotted a note on the pad in her lap.

"You first saw them on the anniversary of your husband's death," the psychiatrist said.

"And that's quite a coincidence, isn't it? That's right. I called my primary physician, Dr. McCarriston, and he ordered the x-rays, and they did the MRI. They didn't find anything. He referred me here."

"I received his report. Now why don't you tell me about your experience, Mrs. O'Leary."

Maeve sat forward in the chair. Her face was animated. "Well, it always happens at night. And they are always in the living room. They start off as the beige recliner and the love seat and a tall wing chair where I used to sit and read. It's a brocade, a kind of brown and gold. Patrick sat in the recliner and watched TV and I read. And there are two end tables, one on each end

of the love seat. We bought the end tables and a coffee table to match when we were first married. The coffee table started to wobble a few years ago and I put it out in the trash." Maeve looked down at her hands where they rested in her lap. "The recliner is saggy, but it still holds the shape of Patrick's body. I sit there when I'm watching the Red Sox games."

"Mother," Kate said. She pushed up the sleeves of her fleece jacket to reveal slim strong forearms.

"Yes?" Maeve turned to look at her daughter. The thin afternoon light coming through the window showed tired lines around her eyes. She had two permanent, vertical scowl marks high above the bridge of her nose. Maeve smiled at her.

"Stick to the point," Kate said.

Maeve looked past her daughter and out the large window into the parking lot. The trees were coming into flower now, yellow green, and the branches hung over the edges of the parking lot in what she thought was a wistful way. It was hard to stick to any point now. She had so many memories and one thing flowed into another. The trees reminded her of a cantina she and Patrick had traveled to in the Baja peninsula, long ago. They had sat at a small square table with a colorful tile surface, out on the little patio in the back. Drooping, graceful tree branches hung over a tall fence made of sticks. She and Patrick had eaten salty tortilla chips and squeezed limes into their bottles of Mexican beer. Slightly drunk, and embraced into each other like contortionists, they made their way back to the room while it was still light to make love. Hungry for each other. And in the heat of their moment, a dusty burro brayed lustily in the courtyard outside the open window. They laughed, smothering the laughter against each other's necks. Afterwards, in the aftermath, shyly proud of themselves, they lay quiet in the cool white sheets and shared a cigarette, watching themselves hand off the cigarette to each other, as if the hands themselves and the slow movement were a miracle. They said nothing and watched the smoke drift up past the picture of an earnest Christ exposing his heart. It was at the beginning of their long time together, which would be marked by many meetings and separations of the heart, by disappointment and reconciliation through the years.

"Mrs. O'Leary? Are you seeing anything now? Or hearing anything?" Dr. Limbert had her pen poised over the pad.

Maeve spoke quickly... "Oh, no. Only at night, and then

probably three nights a week with no noticeable pattern. And they never come on Wednesday nights because that's when I sleep over in the church. They don't come there."

The psychiatrist looked up.

"They're holding a vigil at her church," Kate said. "Saint Albert the Great. The Archdiocese wanted to close it and they refuse to leave. They sleep in the pews."

The psychiatrist tipped her head and folded her arms. "I read about that in the paper. It's quite a movement of resistance."

"We're not leaving. We're in for the long haul. I rather enjoy the disobedience of authority more than anything. Many of us are widows, and we are not used to thinking for ourselves." Maeve folded her hands and put her feet together. She wore slacks and low-heeled shoes. Her ankles were slightly swollen.

Dr. Limbert smiled.

"It's a waste of time," Kate murmured to the air. "And she has a bad back. Sleeping in a pew cannot be good for that."

"They're padded," Maeve said. "Padded pews."

"Go on with your story, Mrs. O'Leary." The psychiatrist's voice nudged gently. "You were talking about the furniture."

"I explained it to the girl on the phone when I called your office," Maeve said. "At night the furniture takes on the shapes of animals. I start with the lights on, and everything is normal. Then I turn off the lights and go to bed, and when I get up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom, I see them. Animals. I can't tell what kind they are. Different sizes. At first they stayed in the living room, but now they move into the hall, too."

Dr. Limbert glanced up at the daughter who was shaking her head.

"You have to give her something," she said. "She can't go on like this."

"What do the animals do?" Dr. Limbert asked.

"They snuffle around. They do what animals do. You can hear them sometimes. Grunting, breathing. Chewing on things." Maeve adjusted her glasses on her nose and looked from the doctor to her daughter. "I suppose sometimes they could be mating. I never looked that close, but I suppose it could be."

"How do you feel about them?" Dr. Limbert asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Are you frightened when you see them?"

Maeve smiled. She had large healthy looking teeth. The upper incisors overlapped. "No. I am not afraid of them in the least." She looked at her daughter who looked away and heaved a rapid deep sigh.

She continued. "I know they're not supposed to be there, and I know I shouldn't be seeing them. But I am not afraid of them. There's a little girl too. About nine or ten. She just came last Friday night and has returned once since then. She doesn't say anything. She reminds me of my cousin, Eunice."

"Eunice?" Kate asked.

"Eunice went away to a home when she was ten. It was in Galway, in the old days. I never saw her again."

"My God," Kate said.

"When I put the light on, they all go away. " Maeve's expression was bland.

"They go away," Dr. Limbert said, writing.

"My neighbor Millie helped me move the chairs and the love seat around—rearrange the furniture and then she said to close the door to the living room, so when I get up to go to the bathroom, I don't see them. That worked for a while but now they go out into the hall."

"You told the neighbors about this, Mama?"

"*One* neighbor. Millie Sherman. I don't believe in keeping secrets. And she understands better than most. Her husband was at McLean Hospital. It's one of the most famous hospitals in the world. He was there when Judy Garland was there. Her daughter was there too. Liza. Judy's daughter, I mean, not Millie's. Years later, of course." She looked at Kate and then to Dr. Limbert. "These appearances are not something to be ashamed of."

"The closed door doesn't contain them," Dr. Limbert said.

"Apparently not. The little ones get out. They're about the size of a Sheltie. Little sheep dogs. My father kept a couple of them when I was young. He had a few sheep and ten or twelve laying hens at any given time."

"What about if you keep the door closed *and* the light on?" Kate said.

Maeve considered. "Too hard on the electric bill," she said.

Dr. Limbert wrote on her pad and looked up at the two

women. She was young, perhaps late thirties, with small blunt hands and short nails. Her blonde hair was clipped short and cowlicky-looking, as was the style. She had a bland sympathetic face. Her brown eyes contained a look of concern and interest.

"You've been alone in your home since your husband died?" she said.

Maeve nodded. "Ten years now. We were married forty-eight years."

"And how was that marriage?"

Maeve squinted behind her thick glasses. "Average, probably. I would say, given everything, it was an average marriage. We had our good times and bad, with compromises on both sides, like any marriage worth its salt."

Dr. Limbert smiled and nodded. "And the cause of your husband's death?"

"Cirrhosis," the daughter replied quickly. "He died of cirrhosis of the liver." She crossed her long legs and swung a foot. Her jeans were pressed and she had long, silvery fingernails, which she tapped on the arms of the wooden chair.

"It was hard for all of us," Maeve said. "We tried to care for him at home, right through to the end, but he ended up in the hospital in the last week. He was bleeding into his throat." In her mind's eye, Maeve saw the red spray when Patrick coughed.

"Well, *you* cared for him, Mama."

"Kate had her own family," Maeve said by way of explanation. "She helped as much as she could. My granddaughter, Veronica, was home from college at the time and she was wonderful. She sat on the edge of the bed and held his hand and spooned little chips of ice into his mouth. 'Papa,' she would say. 'Everything is okay, Papa. We are all here with you.' She was a remarkable girl, and now she's a nurse at Boston Medical in the Emergency Room. She likes that sort of thing."

"My daughter," Kate said.

"My granddaughter," Maeve said. The two women smiled at each other. Kate blushed.

"It sounds like all of you did a good job taking care of him," the psychiatrist said.

"We were all with him," Maeve continued. "We kept him comfortable. He wanted to be home. He had said that. His only brother was still in Ireland and he couldn't come over. His health was poor. They were praying over there though, and the morning

after Pat passed away Dermot called from Galway and said that he had wakened in the middle of the night and had seen Pat standing at the foot of his bed. It turned out to be the exact time of Pat's passing." She turned to Kate. "Do you remember that story?"

"Of course, I do. I remember all the talk and all the stories. Uncle Dermot should have come to visit Daddy while he was alive." She pulled her sleeves down over her fists.

Maeve looked at her and then at Dr. Limbert. She said nothing, but folded her hands and waited.

"Now tell me about your sleep," Dr. Limbert said. "Are you sleeping all right with all of this?"

"*I'm* not," Kate said.

"I am," Maeve said. "I'm on medication for high blood pressure. It makes me urinate frequently, so I'm up several times during the night. I was nervous going to bed after the first few times they showed up. I thought I could stay awake all night and prevent them from coming. That wasn't practical. Now I get up, see them and I go back to bed. I go back to sleep. When I'm getting ready for bed, putting on my nightgown, I know they'll be coming along soon. I am used to it by now."

"The first two nights, she called me at three in the morning," Kate said. "My husband has to get up early."

"I didn't know what else to do," Maeve said. "I didn't call after the first two times." She looked at Dr. Limbert. "My son in law, Paul, is very busy," she said. "He has a strict schedule and doesn't tolerate any deviation from it."

Kate's face colored. "He owns his own investment company," Kate said. "He has an enormous responsibility." She picked up her canvas purse and began digging in it until she pulled out a small leather appointment book. "More to the point, we came to you so you could eliminate these delusions, or illusions or hallucinations or whatever they are. If you can't help us, perhaps you could tell us who could." She had her pen poised over the book.

Maeve looked at the book in her daughter's hands. "I call them appearances," she said. "And I hardly mind them, but I am curious about them. Do you know what causes them?" Maeve asked. "First the animals, and now the little girl. It makes me wonder who else might show up. I mean, I know they're not real, but they are to me. I wonder if there is a message, or something I

am supposed to learn."

"I don't know," Dr. Limbert answered. "These things are quite mysterious, but sometimes they go along with memory loss, which Dr. McCarriston mentioned in his report. We often don't really know why or how they happen. Our minds play tricks on us sometimes. But we do know what medicine works and I can give you something that will help." She turned her chair and reached into her desk drawer and pulled out a small box. "I have some samples here to get you started. Then, if there are no problems with side effects, you can get this prescription filled. You might feel a little sleepy after you take this, so take it just before bed, but it should eliminate the problem." She wrote on the prescription pad and tore it off and gave it to Maeve. "Take one every night before bed and make an appointment to see me in two weeks."

On the way home Kate pulled into the Liberty Tree Mall and nosed the car into a space in front of the Baja Fresh fast food place. "We'll eat here, and then I'll drive you home." she said. "I like this Mexican food." They moved into the line in front of the counter.

"That's because you were conceived over the border, in Baja. It's the environmental influence. Your father and I were on a trip in the first year of our marriage." Maeve smiled at her. "What about Paul? Won't he be waiting for you?"

"He has a dinner meeting tonight. He's going to be late."

"Late a lot. Lonely for you," Maeve said quietly to Kate's back. She read the board above the counter with the choices: Tres Tacos, Burrito Grande Frijole, Tortilla Torpedo.

Maeve chose the Tres Tacos, all fish. The woman who waited on them wore a visor and spoke with a thick accent. When she asked for a name, Maeve told her.

"How you spell?" she asked. Maeve told her. "I never see," she said. "Pretty. I have much to learn."

"You're doing just fine," Maeve said. "What is your language of birth?"

"Portuguese," the woman smiled.

She handed the plastic tray to Maeve with the three steaming fish tacos, a few tomato pieces and a dollop of guacamole. "Enjoyment," the woman said.

"Indeed," Maeve replied.

They took their seats by the window that looked out into the parking lot, at the shoppers carrying bags, the lights of all the stores. Kate placed her plastic tray down on the table and removed her jacket and looked at Maeve. "You know, Mama, I was surprised when you told Dr. Limbert that your marriage was average. I think you might be better off if you started to tell the truth. Maybe you'd feel better."

Maeve picked up her fish taco in the flimsy hot tortilla and took a bite. "This is close to the real thing," she said. "The onions, the tomatoes and the cilantro. Along the coast of Baja, they have a lot of seafood and they wrap everything in tortillas."

"You're ignoring me," Kate said.

"I am having enjoyment," Maeve said. "That woman wished me enjoyment, and I am having it." She lined her taco with slices of jalapeno pepper.

"I don't understand you," Kate said. She picked the peppers off her taco salad and piled them in a pyramid in the corner of her tray. "I have never understood you. I never understood why you stayed with him and I never will."

Maeve shrugged. "He supported both of us and put you through Notre Dame Academy. I would never have been able to afford that alone. He was a kind man, and quite remarkable in his own way." She looked at Kate with soft eyes. "You are a remarkable woman yourself," she said. "I have always been very proud of you."

Kate said nothing but sighed, and they ate the rest of their meal in silence.

When Maeve entered her home after their dinner, it was dark. She thought she heard something in the living room, but when she put on the light, it was empty of anything living. She made a cup of tea for herself and read the paper. A bride had run away on the day before her wedding. She had claimed to have been kidnapped and raped, and then confessed that it was all a lie. She had felt overwhelmed, she said, and just ran, but was eager now to get married and asked forgiveness. Maeve looked at the young woman's photo in the paper. She was pretty and had a wide smile on her face, and her eyes were huge, the lids lifted so you could see the whole iris and pupil. "Oh, honey," Maeve said aloud. Pure terror, she thought with sympathy.

She slipped her nightgown over her head and washed

her face and brushed her teeth and went to the bathroom and took the sports page to bed. Before she climbed in, she took one of Dr. Limbert's little flat orange football-shaped pills.

In a few moments, she felt the sedation take her. It started oddly enough in her legs and crept up to the brain, so she was aware of the last thought, which carried with it the portentousness of a truth. It concerned the sheep on her father's farm in Scituate, from the time of her childhood. Sheep must always be herded clockwise, the Truth said; otherwise, the whole scheme of herding was ruined. Control was impossible. Even as she thought it, a part of her laughed.

Maeve took the pills for a week and enjoyed sleep that was uninterrupted. When she slept over at St. Albert's she slept soundly on the pew, not waking until almost seven. By that time the full light had come through the east window of St. Dymphna—Maeve's window, by her pew—and St. Dymphna was over-exposed. Maeve liked to be awake in the church before sunrise, and watch the light turn rosy, and watch Dymphna's red kerchief take on the color of the dawn. The pills made her sleep heavily and dreamlessly.

Millie Sherman called on her and they had tea together while Millie checked on the animal status. "Good, dear," she said, when Maeve told her the medication was working. "We don't need anything extra."

Kate called and was congratulatory about the missing animals. "Paul is glad for you, too," she said. "He says you have suffered enough, Mama."

"Thank him for me," Maeve said. She knew that Kate was always trying to make peace between the two of them.

After nine nights of dead uneventful sleep, Maeve considered the remaining pills in the sample pack Dr. Limbert had given her. Dressed in her nightgown, standing barefoot in the kitchen, she removed them from their plastic and cardboard container and tossed them out onto the lawn in back of the house. She went into the living room and shut off the lights and sat in Patrick's chair. It enveloped her. She could feel his presence. She felt it against her face. She relaxed into the shape of the softness and waited. The smell of him wafted from the chair and surrounded her. She thought about the little orange pills that lay in the grass. The dew would make them soggy. The greedy grackles would look them over in the morning; maybe

peck at one or two, break them up. She knew they would not eat them, though, and would move onto better delicious fare: grubs and insects, and earthworms.

She noticed the shape of the window and how the dark around her was as soft as dust. The wing chair seemed to move slightly, like an animal grazing, content, and satisfied. Every object and line in the room was softened; things shifted and breathed and bumped against each other, gently. She closed her eyes. She felt them nudge against her chair and smiled with pleasure.

**Kristen D'Agostino**
*Scopa* | *The Widower*
Black & White Photography

## Jason Bedore

### *The Things You Forget Returning from Space With a Friend*

John and I sit down to eat in the hotel's restaurant when he asks me if I want a cigarette.

Of course I want one, I tell him.

We are in Canada. We don't care to leave the hotel tonight, we're only there for a day or two. It's January but there's no snow on the ground.

We smoke about half a cigarette each in silence before the waiter comes over.

I'll have a beer, John says. Miller, please.

I'll have the same, I say.

The waiter nods and walks off, leaves us alone with our cigarettes expiring. The place is serenely quiet. I didn't expect it to be so quiet.

John tells me he doesn't know how to fix my problem. Damnedest thing, he says.

I figure I'll keep on him long enough and he'll figure it out for me, that's how I work him. Easy enough. He's a good friend of mine. A heavy-set man, still young, bright-faced. He has bangs like burnt wheat that hang down in front of his blue, heavy-lidded eyes. He's in his last year of graduate school. Smartest friend I have.

I tell him, I waited for her to come around for years. Now, she just comes around, just last week and Regina and I are married for a year. She—not Regina, though I'm sure she thinks this too—is convinced I'm the only man for her.

You could leave Regina, of course, he says. If feeling is what you're after again. Damnedest thing, well, you know that. But to feel again, yeah, that's worth leaving a woman. That's always worth a gamble.

I know, I tell him.

The waiter returns and puts glasses full of beer on coasters in front of us. John and I don't speak French but we tell the Canadian to come back in a few minutes. In English.

I try to explain to John how I feel about this other girl. I'm not the smartest guy, but I'm working John, like I work my

job. I'm a roofer. It's always hard work. But it pays, I guess. I keep moving my feet under the table. I tell him, they're both beautiful.

He looks up, Beauty's what you're hung up on? That can't be all, more than that, right?

It's not just beauty, I tell him, I mean they're gorgeous. You know, you've seen Regina; the other girl is just like that, maybe cuter. Something, I don't know. I'm sure it's not beauty though.

Good, he says. If it's not beauty, it's something else. What about comfort? Are you more comfortable with this other broad? There have to be reasons why you married Regina in the first place, right?

I wait to speak. The waiter comes back over with a pad and a pen. We shoo him away again. I drink from my glass.

Want another cigarette? he asks. He places the pack on the table and pushes it towards me. He looks at me right through his crooked bangs.

I tell him, I love Regina. Sex is fine, we're comfortable with one another. We argue a bit but who doesn't?

But you love her, of course? he says.

Sure, I tell him, of course.

He looks past me. How was sex with this other girl? Did you sleep with her the night she found you? he asks.

I tell him, no. I was going to. Something stopped me. I hesitated, I don't know. I hit his foot under the table. Sorry, I tell him.

He says, when did you first meet this girl?

I tell him, high school.

He doesn't hesitate to laugh. He blinks and says, You're kidding?

I tell him, no. I look away and laugh. I met her the day the shuttle exploded. Do you remember the shuttle?

I remember the shuttle, he says. He picks at the coaster. He finishes his beer. Yeah, I remember. So you met her that long ago and now she's back five, six years later?

Yeah, I tell him. I finish my beer. I was working him.

Back from outer space? he says.

Yup, I tell him.

Like a ghost? he says.

I guess, I tell him.

He says, She still just as beautiful?

I tell him, as if it were yesterday.

Fuck her, he says.

He said it softly. I heard him but don't really understand. I drop it. He's staring out the window behind me again. He wasn't married. I didn't know if he would ever get married. The waiter approaches us again. This time we order.

We finish a few more drinks with dinner. John orders the pork tenderloin, I get a hamburger. I tell him, I slept with her in her bed, the first time either one of us ever had sex. It was funny. I was petrified her parents were going to come home. Her dogs did a lot of barking. Big dogs, you know? Loud. Every time they opened up I jumped out of bed and tried to put my pants back on. Chicken-shit. She'd run over to the window and check for her parents' car. That must've happened three or four times. I'd keep kissing her after we were sure they weren't home, while I was undoing my belt again.

John stares into his beer and laughs.

I tell him, then she left for New York.

We sit down in the same restaurant, of the same hotel. It's two years later. Of course, I only get to see him so often. He lectures all over the place. It's impressive, I guess, he's so young. He's still the smartest friend I have. It's January. This time there is snow on the ground.

He asks me, Well how are things with your new wife?

I tell him, Fabulous. I light a cigarette.

Still smoking those things, huh? he says.

Of course, I tell him. You're not?

Don't be ridiculous, he laughs. Send your pack this way, will ya? he says.

I push my pack of cigarettes across the table and laugh at him. He lights one using the candle on the table, very dramatic. The waiter comes over and greets us.

He speaks English. We order a couple of beers.

I tell John, I don't think I ever need to leave this place, when we visit, I mean.

No he says. The service is excellent. They love us, they're awfully fond of you. It's cozy, just the place for you. He pulls on his cigarette with a smirk.

They do love us, really, it's wonderful, I tell him. The lights are bright enough, none of that dimly-lit, morose shit you

get in other places. And you get a wonderful view of the street and its lights out there. In this weather it's something, huh?

He nods and stares along with me out the window. The waiter returns with our beers and I tell him thanks. He's our age, skinny. He laughs at us. I don't mind, but I don't understand either. Then John says, a toast. And he picks up his beer. A toast to your new marriage and my professorship.

We both sit up straight. I touch his glass. We both drink. I feel satisfied.

Later, I notice it's still snowing outside, but I watch John finish his pork. He always orders the pork. He stabs the last of it and pushes the remaining, neatly piled risotto on to his fork.

Look at that, I tell him. It's brilliant, huh? That snow, I mean. I say all this and I think I sound like him but I've had too much to drink.

He puts the fork in his mouth, looks at me, then at the window. He chews, nods. He nods with his eyes closed. And places his fork on the dish.

It's nice, he says.

The waiter returns and notices how pleased we are with everything. He asks us if we want coffee or more beer. We want more beer, I tell him. I'm pleased with the waiter. He laughs. I laugh.

John's looking out the window.

I tell him, hey, let's go out tonight. Let's explore the whole city, stop in at all its bars. Absorb the whole affair. Why not?

His eyes move from the window to me. He's slouched in his chair with his hand on his glass. I think he's drunk, too.

I meet his gaze through his bangs, which sag now more then bend sharply over his forehead. I figure I can work him out of his chair, out into the snow. The night. I tell him, come on, we never get out of this old place when we visit this town.

He leans away from the table and says, you told me we didn't need to. Remember?

I remember, I think. Yeah, of course I remember. I'm drunk now though, I've got a desire for something new. There's no reason to stay inside, I think. There's no heavy weight on our shoulders like there was two years ago.

Why shouldn't we go out? I tell him.

Because I'm comfortable where I am, he says.

No, no, no, I tell him. This is my friend's third wife. I pulled hard on my cigarette. His second wife took the children and left him when she found out he was having an affair with his first one. I'll admit, I needed his help, his answers.

John's face is concretely focused on mine. His eyes are piercing, his bangs, having lost rigidity are combed across his brow. Nothing separates us but a foot and a half of table space and a cloud of smoke which streams from my nostrils. It pours from my mouth, almost endlessly.

John quit smoking four years ago.

I tell him, my friend's third wife is a wicked brute. Well, at least that's what he says. She's miserable, which makes him miserable. He can't stand her wretched kids.

I tell him all this and his eyes haven't left mine. He takes very rhythmic breaths in through his nose. His elbows set firmly on the table he presses his index fingers to his lips, while the others remain entwined.

I put out my cigarette nervously. I light another.

I explain how my friend, after all, is an alcoholic, started coming home tired and sick to death of listening to his wife. How he's been beating her and her kids. How he's threatened to kill her if she goes to the authorities.

He's told you all this? John says.

I tell him, Oh yeah, son of a bitch doesn't know what to do; doesn't have a clue or a friend like you he can turn to. I mean you're a smart guy, you know? You're a professor, I tell him.

He says, You're a smart enough friend, Paul. Let him know he's gone too far. Tell him he needs help.

Oh, I've told him. Yeah, but I don't know. I mean, he's in a pretty tough spot. I tell John, Of course, I've told him to get help.

I reach to put out another cigarette and spill my beer. The glass rolls off the table. It breaks in pieces. It's as if it exploded or something. I look around. The waiter is coming over. The restaurant, our restaurant, has changed. Nothing stays the same, I think. The curtains are heavy and dark red. The window's nearly hidden in them. Six years of absence, renovations have removed a lot of the light. Now it's very quiet.

The waiter arrives at the table. He cleans the mess. I don't thank him. I don't mean not to. I'm preoccupied. People

are looking at John and me.

John doesn't notice them.

He asks, Do you remember any of their names?

I ask him, Who? What? Who's names?

He stares a minute longer and says, Do you remember any of the astronauts from that shuttle disaster?

Do you? I ask him.

**Shannon Schneider**

*Untitled #2 Bubble* | *Little Xerox #3*

Linoleum Cutout & Graphite | Mixed Media - Graphite

## Kit Coyne Irwin

### *Safari Ditch*

The sun beats through the open roof of the Land Rover as she, miles away from any bathroom, concentrates on not peeing, but it's impossible to will peeing away because it only makes you want to do it more, and she doesn't want to wet herself, especially not in front of the driver, whom at first she trusted completely, for he seemed at one with nature—why, he could spot a lion in the far distance—but he had proved himself to be just like her husband by driving this Land Rover, a vehicle the driver claimed could get through anything, into a ditch where it sits stalled at the bottom, surrounded by waist-high grass. What is a ditch doing in the middle of the immense Serengeti Plain? What is she doing here? Why isn't she in Paris—where toilet paper may be waxy and the toilet only a drain in the floor, but at worst, tourists get snubbed, not eaten, but her husband's question, "Isn't this the spot where we saw the water buffalo yesterday?" interrupts her reflections, and the image of those mammoth beasts, their curled horns stretching out eight feet on either side of their heads, blots out any thoughts but a full bladder and rising fear, for the driver had said the water buffaloes were the most dangerous animals because they would charge a Land Rover without provocation, and she dares not look at her husband because if he says, "Buck up, Dear," one more time (a habit earned from a single semester spent in England), she isn't sure what she will do—scream and look the fool—no, smile and imagine his death: snapped in two by a hippopotamus, torn limb from limb by a lion, but with her luck and the canvas roof peeled back like a sardine can, she'll be the one dragged off by hyenas. But now she's close to wetting her pants, and only the driver can save her, for he knows where she can pee out here in this vast wilderness, if only she can figure out a way to ask that won't make John roll his eyes, but then rolling his eyes will be mild in comparison to how he will act if she does wet her pants. "Is there a bathroom I could use?"

"A bathroom?" John rolls his eyes. "Where do you think we are? A shopping mall?"

The driver opens his door. "I'll walk around and make sure it's safe."

She wonders how can he walk around the Land Rover when its nose is stuck into an embankment? and what will they do once the driver gets attacked? and how can she hold it a second longer? but eventually he gets back in and tells her it's safe to get out. She doesn't leap out as she thought she would. Instead she must force herself to open the door. Once outside, she looks for a close spot, out of sight, with no tall grass that could hide ticks, and picks a spot by the right rear tire. Unzipping her pants and squatting, she curses woman's anatomy that forces you to half undress to pee and exposes your behind to poisonous snakes, and curses the blade of grass that brushes her left cheek, causing her to jump and send urine dribbling onto her underwear, which at least provides an excuse against wiping, so as soon as her stream stops, she stands, pulls up her pants, and while zipping runs back to the Land Rover. She jumps inside and pulls the door shut. The lock's closing click causes her to experience a full second of complete security before her husband asks the driver, "Will we be out here all night?"

"All night?" she echoes.

John elaborates the problem: they have no radio, they haven't seen another Land Rover since they left camp, the Serengeti is immense. The driver admits they probably won't be missed until dinner. She knows that dinner means darkness, that danger escalates with darkness, how at night you couldn't walk from your tent to the dining hall without an armed escort, how she has to pee again, that she will keep on having to pee, on and on into the night, and how this is all John's fault, how he has to see all the different animals—no, glimpse is a better description—just one glimpse and on his way to the next animal on his list, even though she wanted to stay and watch the baby elephant who was so small he could stand beneath his mother, tripping on his trunk when he tried to walk, and all the other tourists in camp had said they were going to see the elephants again, but John insisted that they go to the farthest part of the park to glimpse a white rhino, and when she asked, "Couldn't we stop and see the baby elephant before we go?" he'd said, "No time," which let her know that his damn checklist came first, and that he probably blamed her for holding up his master checklist, his checklist for life: degree, good job, wife, house, all

checked, but baby unchecked. To him, her four miscarriages in three years were minor setbacks, not tragic deaths, that he could never understand the bond she felt to the unborn. He'd said, "Better earlier than after it's born," which told her that whatever happened inside her was unimportant to him.

"You know," she finds herself saying, "I'm on the pill."

John doesn't turn around. "What are you babbling about?"

"I don't want to have another miscarriage."

"You mean birth-control pills?" She has his attention now; he's turned around and shouting. She only catches phrases of what he's saying—how she had no right, how it's his child too, how they had agreed—because all she feels inside is power. Power over her body. Power over him.

He begins to calm down. "You mean you're on birth-control pills for just this trip?"

"No."

He turns around. Silent. But she knows it won't last long, so she asks the driver to tell her about the lions again. She wants to hear how female lions don't need males to catch prey, how when a male lion takes over a pride he kills all the babies, and how sometimes the females unite and fight against the male. But the driver doesn't talk like a PBS special. He tells about the lions he has known: the grizzled male they saw today, the two brothers who share being head of a pride. He never mentions the females.

John asks the driver about venomous snakes, and she distracts herself by looking out the window. Yellow grass stretches out for miles until at the horizon, it meets the purplish mountains. She sees a few trees, looking tiny in the distance, but knows there are more. The Serengeti is so flat, it makes you feel as if you should see what's coming, but she didn't see a single animal or the Masai village until the driver pointed it out, didn't even see the ditch until they were in it. But with her marriage, she should have known. Her friends called John ambitious, driven, inflexible, stubborn. And he wasn't the only problem. She pretended to enjoy all the things he liked: hiking, camping, his parents. She probably tricked him, and herself, into marriage. Spent years playing the model wife, defying him only in secret.

But she could change.

"It's stupid to chance all the things hiding in the grass. The next time I pee," she says, "I'm not getting out of the Land

Rover. I'm just going to hang my butt out the door to whiz."

The driver laughs. John punches the dashboard. She squishes back into the seat. Will the driver protect her if John attacks, or just watch like when the lion ran after the zebra, dug its claws into the zebra's sides, brought the zebra down to the ground for the kill? Why did she choose this time to be bold? She should have waited until she got home to family and friends, a good lawyer, and a bathroom she could hide in.

The driver puts his hand on John's arm. "Dehydration makes people say crazy things."

John turns around and orders her to drink some water. She brings the bottle to her lips, knowing that it'll make her pee even more—"Keep drinking," John says—and that she'll have to leave the Land Rover to do it. She thinks about how the driver calmed John, and her confidence in the driver is restored. He won't let anything happen to her.

Not here.

Not yet.

When darkness comes, the other drivers will appear, just as he said. She'll stand up on the seat and look out the open roof and see the headlamps in the distance, coming closer. Above will be a sky full of stars, stars not visible from the Northern Hemisphere.

"Look, there's a pride of lions," John says. "No, it's not. There's only females."

The driver starts to say something but she interrupts him. She wants to be the one to tell John that it's called a pride of lions even when there is no male.

**Jillian Ferragamo**
*Fire Hydrant*
Black & White Photography

## Abdón Ubidia translated by Nathan Horowitz

### *The Intelligence of the Species*

Once a year I visited that place, a typical tropical Third World city. Flat and broad, disproportionate, with a small wealthy zone surrounded by precariously-inhabited swamps. The perfect squareness of its central streets laid down like a weaving atop the humid plain. A broad river of turgid water. Ferryboats. Barges. Lubricated air caressing sweaty bodies. There was a waterfront with tall buildings. Then the commercial district. The financial district. The hotel district. Low, barren mountains seemed to reverberate on the horizon. This time, I was staying in a hotel next to a public park. In the park was a gigantic tree with a colony of iguanas that seemed to move only rarely, as if to the rhythm of the slow palpitations of the foliage caused by the breezes of warm, stinking air that blew in from the port. Perhaps wishing to make me feel guilty when he heard what company I represented, a man told me that the enormous ficus tree was one of the last of its species that remained after the coastal forests had been cut down. And that the colony of iguanas was perhaps the last remaining population of that species along the whole length of the coast. That impressed me quite a bit. When I learned that I was going to have to wait in the city an extra week for a seat on the plane to return to my country, I asked them to change my room. From the hotel's restaurant I'd seen that the end of one of the tree's branches nearly touched the window of one of the rooms on the seventh floor. There was an iguana on the branch that had barely moved in days, its stillness contrasting with the rapidity of its fellows. It must have been ill. With an ambiguous smile, the receptionist told me I was in luck, the room was unoccupied. I couldn't sleep the whole night. The window's curtains were closed. But I knew that on the other side, very close to the glass as if emerging from the night itself, and watching the yellow light that shone through the curtains with its ancient reptile eyes, was the iguana. I got up several times. I tried to read but I couldn't concentrate on the adventures of the secret agent in the bestselling spy novel I'd bought at the airport. I put the book

down and turned on the TV. There were no local channels. The stations stopped broadcasting at midnight. Typical of tropical countries in those years. I left the TV on with the sound off and the screen filled with static. I went near the curtain. But I didn't touch it. I went back to the novel. Then the newspaper. Then the cigarettes. Eventually morning came. I took a shower and went to the restaurant. From there I could see that the iguana was still clinging to the branch. I went out on the street. Walked around the city. Doorways with peeling paint. Vendors of various things walking around. Glass display cases with all kinds of merchandise. The people, sallow and small, buying, selling, walking around. Someone shoved me and ran away. Maybe he had been trying to steal my wallet. Or my watch. I felt more out of place than ever. The city had always been hostile toward me. I had been ripped off there several times. Maybe even now, someone was following me to attack me. I felt slightly dizzy and the palms of my hands moistened. I thought about visiting the headquarters of the company I did business with. Invite some executive to lunch. Or one of the secretaries. As I had on other occasions. I didn't do it. I didn't feel like pretending to be sociable. Or catching some tropical disease. I went into a bar. I walked out. I walked down the avenues. As always, I got lost. After midday, I hailed a taxi and returned to the hotel. I went directly to my room. The smell of cleanliness greeted me. The room had been made up, and the curtains were open. I went to the window. I slid it open, to the left. The tree was right in front of me. And in the tree, very close, within arm's reach, the iguana. I pretended not to see it. I tried to look off to the left. To examine the half-gothic, half-modern architecture of the pale yellow church that rose from one side of the park. I couldn't do it. Against my will, my eyes sought out the iguana's eyes. They weren't red, as I had imagined them. They were pale green. The pupil was not round, either, but vertically elongated. I examined the scaly, oblong body with its central crest of spines. It was somewhat less than a meter long. The tail, adorned with black rings. The arms, almost human. The iguana's skin seemed not to be an intrinsic element: it seemed to have been put on afterwards, like a wetsuit. It was marked with a broad combination of blues, grays, oranges and yellows. I leaned halfway out the window. Seven stories down, people were walking hurriedly. I didn't dare touch the triangular head that topped off the lethargic body. I

slowly passed my hand just a few centimeters in front of the half-open mouth, which looked like a fish's. The iguana barely moved. And its prehistoric eyes barely blinked. It really must have been sick. And confused after taking a wrong turn down this branch. Maybe it sensed its death approaching, and didn't care anymore. I raised my eyes and spotted two other iguanas on distant branches. For a moment, in the depth of the foliage I made out a fragment of another body darting toward the center of the ficus. I thought how strange it was to have in front of me all that remained of a nearly-extinct species. How many individuals lived in the tree? Twenty? Fifty? Not many more. I revisited an old idea of mine: "We individuals are not really individuals. We are expendable parts of our species. The species is the real individual." I closed the window and left the room. The elevator brought me to the ground floor. I didn't drop the key off at the desk. A prostitute smiled and winked at me. I ignored her. The doorman didn't get to the door fast enough to open it for me. I crossed the street. An old wrought-iron fence enclosed the park. I walked around to one of its gates. This was the oldest park in the city. It had a stone fountain and a gazebo with columns of wrought iron painted green. Then there was the ficus. The trunk was enormous, and the thick roots spread out across the ground. Up above, in the dense foliage, many oval pupils must have registered my presence. A robin flew out of the ficus and headed for a palm tree. I looked for a long time and only lowered my head when dizziness came over me. My neck hurt. At my side, four or five children—shoeshine boys and candy vendors—asked me for money. I sent them away with a few harsh words. Then I examined the ficus's old trunk. One chainsaw would be enough to finish it off. I shivered. I was out of sorts. But that might have occurred to anyone. I resolved to calm down. I walked the few blocks that separated the park from the waterfront. I wandered out on the wooden pier. There, I got on one of the ferryboats that crossed the river. Night had fallen when I went back to the hotel. The window of my room was still open. The light from the street vaguely illuminated the outlines of the ficus tree. I didn't turn on the lights in the room. I must have slept for several hours. And when I awoke, I lay still without wanting to move. I only got out of bed at dawn. Then, of course, I went to the window. The reptile had not changed its position. It made me think of an exhausted policeman. Or a fugitive

applying for an impossible asylum. I turned around and went into the bathroom. I unscrewed the nickel-plated tube of one of the towel racks. I returned armed with it. First came the menacing movements. Then the hard jabs. Then the desperate necessity of wounding the scaly skin. But the dying iguana wouldn't budge. It remained stuck to the branch by its sharp claws. Finally I swung the tube with all my strength at the triangular head. I thought I heard something like the chirp of a bird come from the silent mouth. Perhaps it was just my imagination. In any case, the body loosened its grip and fell to the street—which at that hour of the morning was still deserted—with a sound like that of a soft fruit hitting the ground. There was a silence. Then I perceived an agitation racing around the whole tree. Tremblings of leaves. Palpitations. Shakings of leaves. I even saw a pair of iguanas running in opposite directions. I wiped my hand across my sweaty face. And kept staring out the window without any urge to look down at what had fallen to the street. I went back into the bathroom. I wasn't able to put the tube back in. I took a long shower. Then I left the hotel. I went to the waterfront. I ducked into a floating restaurant. I ordered something. I didn't touch it. At any other time I would have felt like doing some tourism in the surrounding villages. But not now. Sitting in that little restaurant watching some aquatic plants—lechuguins, the locals called them—floating adrift on the roiling waters of the river, was almost the same as sitting in my room at the hotel. In any event, I still had five hot, humid, endless days until I could take my return flight. But what would it mean to return? I felt the presence of the void. It was the same void I had felt just before I killed the iguana, when I drew near the window and had a strong desire to jump out of it. I returned to my interior nonsense: "And what if we individuals are nothing but expendable cells of the body of our species?" In the final analysis, I might consider myself an individual who could be sacrificed for the greater good of something I would never be entirely able to understand. Despite my sorrow and revulsion at the turn of events, my life had become entirely devoted to being a salesman in remote backwaters. Wasn't I, then, a living example of such a sacrifice? "My God, what a horrible age I'm at," I said to myself, thinking that I had reached a point in my existence where lies were impossible and truths were stranger than they had ever been.

"Abandoned by my species. I'm the loneliest man in the world," I went on, feeling I had been completely used up and squeezed out. "I worked and I reproduced, and now I can't make sense out of any of that," I added. Then a shaft of light fell onto my heart. "And what if I try to escape?" I said to myself. "To whatever extent I can," I added. Observing the community of iguanas had helped me understand it all at once. The iguana I killed no longer belonged to its species. It had outlived its usefulness. Condemned to die of old age or sickness, its fate was unalterable. Somehow it knew that. But beyond it and the other iguanas—among them—above them—there was another entity. Let me see if I can explain it all at once. I'm referring again to the species. Cornered by man, up in that tree. I had had the opportunity to see it in the totality of its physical manifestation. It was like a god. It had the lives of the individuals at its disposal. It materialized in them, but it was not them. It knew more than they did. It impelled them to live, to eat what they could, to reproduce, to build nests for their young. It had figured out a way to survive the invasion of humans, if only barely. And perhaps there were now mutant iguanas that could live in the sewers, or in the polluted waters of the port. Amidst all that, there was the fragility of the particular lives of the individuals. The world's mind was not in them. It was in the species. The species was the bearer of true intelligence and knowledge. That iguana, exposed to death, lost at the end of a branch, separated from and forgotten by its kin, with no will to fight for its life, had taught me well. Its species had repudiated it. Its individual life and death had become unimportant. Who knows what message it had received, expelling it. I had received mine. It was a profound, silent message, a command I didn't want to hear; if it had had a voice, it would have said this: "Your existence doesn't matter any more. It now has no meaning. Therefore, you should not defend it. You are now allowed to die, if you wish." Did I mention that I had followed all the rules for humans? That I had gotten married, had children in whom I barely recognized myself, owned a house, worked at a demanding job? Did I mention that one day I had the sensation that I had diligently complied with everything that had been required of me? Did I mention that one day I felt exhausted, empty, and ripped off? I don't know how the spirit of my species was able to communicate with me. But I do think that on that day, I received the expulsion message.

If I died, my species—which as everyone knows is the most intelligent of all—would go on populating the planet, expanding its frontiers, eliminating other species, throwing itself into the sky, reaching the stars. My death wouldn't change any of that. Seated at one of the little tables of that floating restaurant, in front of a plate of food that had gotten cold, watching the lechuguins floating in the turbid water of the river, I realized that I could escape and save myself. One thing was certain: to return to the hotel, wait for the plane, fly back to my country, go home, and go back to work, would be to accept the death that had been arranged for me. So I made a decision. I called the waiter over and paid. I walked to the pier. I waited. I wasn't in a hurry. At last, balancing on the small waves, the ferryboat drew alongside. Across the river were the miserable little villages. And beyond them the mountains. And then what remained of the tropical rainforest. I would not lack for horizons. In some town I would find a woman, and a job perhaps as odious as all jobs are. It wouldn't matter. I'd get together with the woman, I'd love her and have children with her, I'd build a house and I'd work. And when that damned message—the void—returned to me, I'd leave again in search of other women, other houses, other children, other jobs. Perhaps that way, with so many different lives, I would postpone the end that had been decreed for me, and stay within the good graces of my species as long as possible. From a railing of a wooden ferryboat packed with poor people, I watched the lechuguins floating in the turbid waters of the river.

**Amy Dunbar**
*Wednesday is the New Thursday*
Black Ink on Butcher Paper

## Andrew Osborne

### *MARTIN LUTHER KING DAY, 1994*

In Los Angeles, a railroad track ran parallel to my apartment, and during the Northridge Quake of '94, I was rattled awake at 4:31 A.M. by what I thought was a passing freight train. By the time I realized what was really going on, it was over and the power was out and there was a strange dripping sound from somewhere in the darkness nearby.

I was still groggy, so I got up and stumbled over scattered crap on the floor to stand in the nearest doorway. After a few seconds, I wondered what, exactly, I was hoping to accomplish and went outside.

Dark silhouettes were flitting around the neighborhood, waving flashlight beams through the haze of night like extras in a Steven Spielberg movie.

I'd never really met any of my neighbors before, then one of them came over and said, "Know why this happened? 'Cuz it's Martin Luther Coon Day, and God hates niggers."

I went back inside.

The phone was still working, so I called my parents to let them know I was okay, then I called my roommate, who worked the night shift at a bathhouse called The Hollywood Spa. He said when the quake hit, a t.v. showing gay porn flew off a shelf, right past his head, then the emergency lights came on and naked, screaming men were everywhere.

A few hours later, I phoned my ex to see if she was okay. "I'm fine," she replied, "but it doesn't change anything."

# non-fiction

## Craig Carroll

### *My Trip to the Psych*

When I was eight years old my mother finally gave in to the reality of my insanity. These days insanity is a characteristic which more and more people are proud to have, and so I suppose it sounds like I am bragging. The reality, however, is that it is difficult to create an opening sentence strong enough to hook a reader…or two, and so one must resort to a little exaggeration.

I was never really diagnosed insane—I can't claim that—but I was unnaturally paranoid at a young age. Luckily, my mother had great health insurance. She worked for the state. For seventeen whole years she did absolutely nothing and our wonderful government—that's us taxpayers, herself included (of course)—paid her for it (nothing, that is), but *this* "story" is about my own insanity. My mother's wonderful health insurance afforded me a psychiatrist in downtown LA. Honestly, I'm not sure whether those words, "Downtown LA," have positive or negative connotations to you, the reader, and I don't think I can possibly venture into such a debate with myself at this particular moment. The story I want to tell is of my trip to this psychiatrist's office, the trip having neither the "bad" LA stuff such as gang members, shootouts, bums with piss-stains on their pants, ashy-skinned people glaring at my mother from a splintered bus bench, a forty-ounce brown paper bag between their legs; nor does the story bring to mind any of those "good" LA things like water fountains shooting up in front of multi-cultural centers or any sort of feeling of relaxation such as might come with a sunset or a palm tree or a group of Tom Selleck look-alikes strolling down the street in their golf shorts discussing (what-else) what better weather there is here versus the east coast. My story goes straight from the telephone call my mother had with the psychiatrist's office to the freeway exit downtown to the blocks I had to stack atop one another to prove that I was a normal eight year old boy.

The phone call was not frantic, however, my mother didn't pretend like my paranoia wasn't serious. There was

genuine worry in her voice:

"He can't sleep at night. He worries about meteor showers."

Pause

She continued: "You know, like if all of a sudden the same meteor that killed the dinosaurs came and killed all us."

Pause

"Well the other night," my mother explained, "he was watching a program on the Disney channel about how every once in a while there are meteor showers and he knows what a meteor is."

Pause

"That's correct. He can't sleep."

My mom did a great job. The voice on the other end finally gave into my insanity too. When she hung the phone up to the receiver hanging against the kitchen wall my mother looked down at me and said, "Well, Craig, I guess you're not normal."

The few days between the phone call and the actual visit to the psychiatrist are a blur to me as is the rest of life to anyone, but I do know that I didn't stop worrying about meteor showers; in fact, that worry didn't go away till many years later when I realized that the chances of a relatively catastrophic meteor hitting the earth were like a zillion to one. Still, other worries grew, such as: would I be wasting my mother's and the psychiatrist's time, seeming only to want a day off from school just to talk about *me*? Was I being selfish? That was my first worry after the meteors. Honestly, it was the first time in my life that I realized taking up other people's time and energy was an act of selfishness and so I remember reckoning that I must—I *must*—prove I'm crazy or my mom will never take me seriously again. I would be the boy who cried wolf. On the other hand, alas, I didn't really want to be pegged for crazy. I wanted to be a normal boy. I was always a little weird in the eyes of my peers, this I know from their comments and jeers:

"Your nut'n but scrub," one kid told me.

"How kin you eat those raisins?" another asked.

"Why don't you pull your socks down and give those knees a little sun?" one kid even said. That was a girl. Her name was Melissa and I liked her. I *liked* her.

I was weird, all right, but I didn't think I was crazy.

What is a crazy eight-year-old? Surely that adjective shouldn't apply to anyone under the age of thirty, right? It would seem that to be crazy one would have to live at least long enough to graduate to that state from the state of weird. I was not there. I worried about meteor showers. I didn't eat people, or skin them alive.

The big day came. I was to be diagnosed in downtown LA. My mom worked in Inglewood, one of the many suburbs of LA, so she didn't exactly know what time to leave in the morning from our house in Hawthorne to get to the psychiatrist's office downtown on time. We usually went to our little clinic in Harbor City which is in a totally different direction. We never went to downtown LA. What I knew of the place was mostly that there was pictures, murals I guess, drawn on the sides of buildings and so forth, this I knew from my yearly fieldtrips to the LA Zoo with school, those torturous trips to that place where every which way you turned there was a peacock staring you in the eye and all you saw in the polar bear exhibit (which would have been the only thing worthwhile for a group of LA kids) was a pool of green water and a pile of yellow dung, the smell from which mingled with the smell of all the other dung in that place until it rose so high it made a mushroom cloud that extended from the hole it made in the ozone layer right down to your rubber shoes that were melting in the west LA heat. But at least we were on a field trip, or maybe it was that we would have rather been anywhere but inside a classroom, but the same old sack lunch was present and mine always consisted of those raisins that made everyone think I was going to give off unpleasant emissions or something so they never got near me. Only my true friends, Ben and Garret, would hang with me and we'd veer off the beaten path, stealing a second glimpse of the snakes in the snake hut, swearing that one of them was *the* two-headed snake we saw over the weekend on the Disney channel.

"Come on, boys," our teacher would say, "they don't have the two-headed snake."

The traffic on the way to the psychiatrist's office, as I recall, was unbearably stifling. Millions of metallic cars wavered in the vaporous haze of the 110 freeway. Large trucks carrying dirt from the south side to the east side of LA weaved loudly and lingeringly through the great plain of rust in front of us, and

at 11:30 a.m. we were exiting that freeway right into the heart of the county seat to which I had always belonged but about which I never really gave a damn: LA. What it is like to live in a suburb—if you can call them suburbs any more now that the Cleavers have all fled—is rather much like not living in LA at all. In fact, if you get caught telling someone *in* LA that you're from LA, and you're *really* from a suburb of LA, you'll be looked at like you're some kind of an annoyance who *wishes* he were from LA even though you voted for goddamned mayor Villare-what's-his-name. Nobody's *from* LA…unless you're from Hollywood…or South-Central.

The Bonaventure hotel stood glorious and fat. I recognized it from that television show about the waitresses who worked up there. I'm pretty sure that television show was before my time but I watched a lot of it. I loved reruns. Nick-at-Night was sort of like my wet nurse. When the riots were going on downtown in the early nineties my family had gathered around the warm hearth of the television set in the living room every night and watched as news casters dryly explained the hell. I, on the other hand, had locked myself in my mother's room with a six-pack of Hawaiian Punch and a ½ lb bag of sunflower seeds, tuned into the frightfully engaging drama of Mary Tyler Moore, Dick Van Dyke, Mork and Mindy.

The psychiatrist was waiting in the large white building that hid behind that fat, shining world-famous hotel. The inside of the *medical building* smelled like the inside of a *commercial building*, like Old English polisher and racks and racks of Sears clothing. The inside of the elevator was bright and had a fresco. The psychiatrist's secretary was a young Asian female and had a symmetrical face that shined brighter than the inside of the elevator. She wore large red-framed glasses which she took off to look at me.

"You're cute," she said. "Are you in school?"

"Yeah," I said.

"You must be very smart," she said.

"Oh, he is," my mother said.

The door behind and to the left of the secretary's desk opened and a tall Asian man with a grey suit stood holding the knob. He looked down at me and smiled as if he were my uncle just returned from a ten year deployment in some country for a war.

"There he is," he shouted.

"Here I am," I said.

The doctor put his fists on his hip and pretended anger. "Get over here, you little munchkin."

I walked toward him and stared up at him straight in the eyes. "Yes?" I said, with my neck unnaturally craned.

"Let's have a talk," he said.

He picked me up and brought me into his office. My mother followed us and closed the door behind her. The psychiatrist asked me why I thought I was here. I told him it was because I worried about meteor showers. He told me that there was no reason for a child my age to be worried about such things when instead I should be worried about making my mother happy and getting good grades in school. I do that, I told him.

"Then if you do that, Craig," he said, "no meteor will ever take you out."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Because," he all knowingly said, "bad things don't happen to good people."

This interests me now but then I was not as skeptic. I might have responded with reference to something like 9/11 or the south-Asian tsunami had I known they'd be occurring in the future. If not those particular items, I could have referred him to horrific news stories of the day had I cared a damn for the private lives in my community but, alas, all I cared about was the devastation brought upon the dinosaurs by that infamous meteor. Who was going to tell me that it couldn't happen today? After all, there are bad people all over the world, in the mix, who might screw it up for me, the good one.

But all I said was:

"Were the dinosaurs *that* bad?"

"Apparently so, kiddo," he said.

He nodded to confirm his answer with body language then he suggested I run to the other side of the room for a moment so he could talk to my mother. There were shoebox-sized, hollow, cardboard boxes ribbed and painted like firehouse bricks. He wanted me to play with them. So I did. I sat down, grabbed a brick, placed it in front of me, grabbed another, placed it on top of the first and did this until the stack of bricks was too high for me to add more. There we stood—a stack of bricks and I—like fraternal twins. I turned toward my mother

and my psychiatrist who hadn't said a thing since I went over to the bricks. The adults were staring at me. The psychiatrist fashioned a quick smile then turned his head to my mother and said:

"He's fine," slowly.

My mom asked me if I felt okay. I felt okay.

"What did you build there?" asked the psychiatrist.

"This is my tower," I said.

"Well, it's a great tower," said the psychiatrist. "It's a shame you can't bring it home with you."

I asked him if I could leave it standing. He agreed; in fact, he asked if he could have the honor of adding a brick to it which, of course, I was more than happy to allow. The tower stood, crookedly-built yet sturdy in the air-conditioned office in downtown LA. He brought me to my mother and walked us to his door where he stood waiting to open it.

"Craig," he said, "I don't think I'll be seeing much of you anymore."

In minutes my mother and I were back on the 110 whose congestion hadn't been cured while I was at the psychiatrist's office.

**Laura Paz**
*Home Alone*
Black & White Photography

**David Johnson**

## *Whitman's "Song of Myself": "Is this then a touch?"*

Near the beginning of "Song of Myself," Walt Whitman writes, "Clear and sweet is my soul, and clear and sweet is all that is not my soul." The poet published these words in the 1850s as an announcement that the accepted nineteenth-century divisions of the divine and the obscene were no longer valid. According to Whitman, the destruction of old laws meant the creation of new freedoms. It was now time to "Unscrew the locks from the doors! Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs!" Partially echoing Transcendentalist notions of the workings of nature and man mirroring the face of God, Whitman goes one step further and hints that nature, man, God, and especially sex are all intertwined aspects of the will of life. Though Whitman is generally idealistic and, more specifically, Emersonian in his observation of the united in the many, he is not so pure in his apprehension of the world. In "Song of Myself," the idea of purity is dismissed as an arbitrary construct, and ideas themselves derided as substanceless distillations of a universe that needs to be touched to be perceived.

Twenty-eight pages into his poem, Whitman asks, "Is this then a touch?" The question invites the poet to offer himself as both answer and proof. Earlier he writes:

> I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
> And what I assume you shall assume,
> For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.
>
> I loafe and invite my soul,
> I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

The poet celebrates himself as a representative of man. In Whitman's eyes, man is a part of nature; he is not the governor of it. In representing man, the poet represents nature, and in representing nature the poet represents God. In "Song of Myself," God, nature and man are universal forces joined in a union of bodies. The purpose of these bodies is to sing

and celebrate that union. Man sings through one voice. Nature sings through the stones, and the grass; God sings through the summer that brings the grass life. "Every atom" belonging to the poet is good because they are his, no one's, and everyone's, all at the same time. In "Song of Myself," Whitman understands the union of the world generally, and sees it specifically.

> The pure contralto sings in the organ loft,
> The carpenter dresses his plank, the tongue of his foreplane whistles its wild ascending lisp,
> The married and unmarried children ride home to their Thanksgiving dinner,
> The pilot seizes the king-pin, he heaves down with a strong arm,
> The mate stands braced in the whale-boat, lance and harpoon are ready,
> The duck-shooter walks by silent and cautious stretches,
> The deacons are ordained with cross'd hands at the altar,
> The spinning-girl retreats and advances to the hum of the big-wheel,
> The farmer stops by the bars as he walks on a First-day loafe and looks at the oats and rye,
> The lunatic is carried at last to the asylum a confirm'd case,
> (He will never sleep any more as he did in the cot in his mother's bedroom;)
> The jour printer with gray head and gaunt jaws works at his case,
> He turns his quid of tobacco while his eyes blur with the Manuscript;
> The malform'd limbs are tied to the surgeon's table…
>
> The sharp-hoof'd moose of the north, the cat on the house-sill, the chickadee, the prairie-dog,
> The litter of the grunting sow as they tug at her teats,
> The brood of the turkey-hen and she with her half-spread wings,
> I see in myself and them the same old law.

Since there are no boundaries in life, there are no boundaries in the poet's desires to perceive it. He wants to see all things and touch them with his eyes. To Whitman, no winter is too cold to endure, no leaf of grass too small to notice, no man, woman or grunting pig too lowly to love. He accepts everything he watches, and sees himself mirrored in everything he sees. The abundant images he catalogues are the separate forces he finds united outside and inside his own skin. The pure contralto, the

carpenter, and the lunatic are all the same in their differences; the "same old law" he sees in himself and others is the supreme rule of freedom that makes all rules meaningless.

Whitman holds nothing back from himself, and seeks the same lack of inhibitions in others and the world around him. He sees, "Creeds and schools in abeyance, / Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten, / I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard, / Nature without check with original energy." In "Song of Myself," original energy is sex: a ceaseless process of change active in everything the poet senses. "Urge and urge and urge, / Always the procreant urge of the world." To Whitman, sex is the supreme union of all life; he finds it and passionately embraces it everywhere he looks.

> Press close bare-bosom'd night- press close magnetic
> Nourishing night!
> Night of south winds- night of the large few stars!
> Still nodding night- mad naked summer night.
>
> Smile O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
> Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
> Earth of departed sunset-earth of the mountains misty-topt!
> Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with
> blue!
> Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
> Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for
> my sake!
> Far-swooping elbow'd earth- rich apple-blossom'd earth!
> Smile, for your lover comes.
>
> Prodigal, you have given me love- therefore I to you give
> love!
>
> You sea! I resign myself to you also- I guess what you mean.
> I behold from the beach your crooked inviting fingers,
> I believe you refuse to go back without feeling of me,
> We must have a turn together, I undress, hurry me out of
> sight of the land,
> Cushion me soft, rock me in billowy drouse,
> Dash me with amorous wet, I can repay you.

In these passages Whitman returns to the importance of touch. Everywhere the poet feels the presence of the world, but mere awareness is not enough. He needs to touch life to make it real. Touching is union, and union is sex; in longing to join

the world, Whitman figuratively makes love to all he sees. For Whitman touch is imperative, but it is also dangerous. There is danger in his union, and in his desire for it. In "Song of Myself," sex is joyful and melancholy at the same time. Joy is in the need for union and in the gratefulness for being united: "Prodigal, you have given me love- therefore I to you give love!" Melancholy is in the fear that the poet's need and the fulfillment of it are never enough: "I resign myself to you also- I guess what you mean." Even after the ecstasy of consummation, the urge is still there. If lust can never be adequately satisfied, what then? Though Whitman denies the validity of boundaries between himself and others, he comes close to admitting that although divisions are no longer needed, he still sees the shadows of their necessity.

> Mine is no callous shell,
> I have instant conductors all over me whether I pass or stop,
> They seize every object and lead it harmlessly through me.
>
> I merely stir, press, feel with my fingers, and am happy,
> To touch my person to someone else's is about as much as I
> can stand.
> Is this then a touch? Quivering me to a new identity,
> Flames and ether making a rush for my veins,
> Treacherous tip of me reaching and crowding to help them,
> My flesh and blood playing out lightning to strike what is
> hardly different from myself,
> On all sides prurient provokers stiffening my limbs…
> Depriving me of my best as for a purpose, …
>
> … I am given up by traitors,
> I talk wildly, I have lost my wits, I and nobody else am the
> greatest traitor,
> I went myself… my own hands carried me there.

These passages hint at sexual shyness: "To touch my person to someone else's is about as much as I can stand," and masturbatory impulses: "I went myself… my own hands carried me there." The poet ecstatically reaches out to others, but only finds fulfillment in himself.

This realization is melancholic, but not depressing. Whitman celebrates darkness and light equally because one is no greater than the other. He admits no divisions between man and animal, or nature and God, and allows no judgments. A leaf of grass may only be a leaf of grass, but to the poet its separateness

stands for the wholeness of life. When Whitman sings for himself he sings for everyone and is together with the world in his solitude.

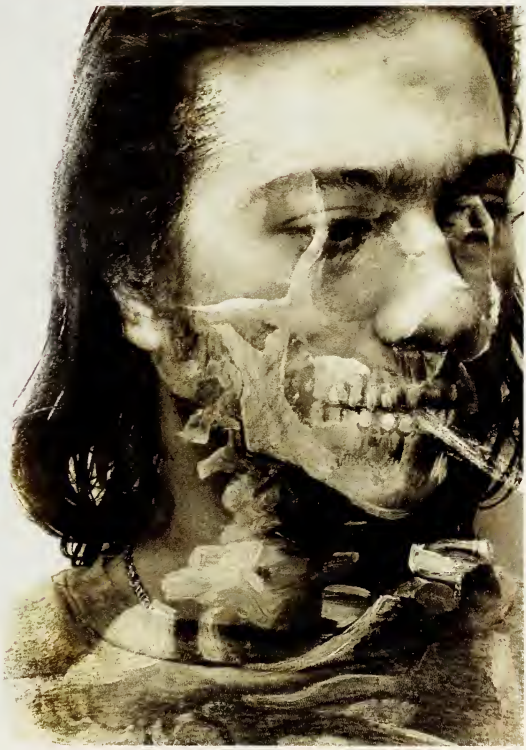
**Keith Hubert**
*Untitled* | *Untitled*
Black & White Photography

**Clancy Chan**
*Hand To Mouth*
Oil on Canvas

**Melissa Coe**

*Baskets* | *Kori 1*

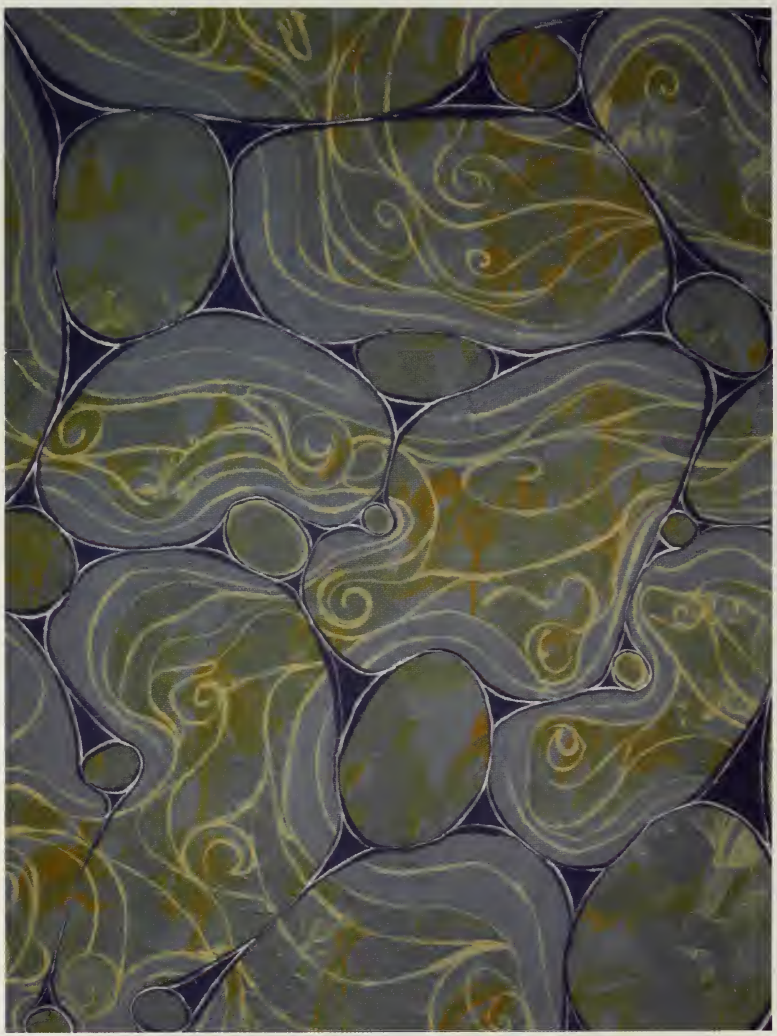
Color Photography | Black & White Photography



**Theodore DiSciscio**

*Falling Frank* | *Ambivilence (Vincent and I)*

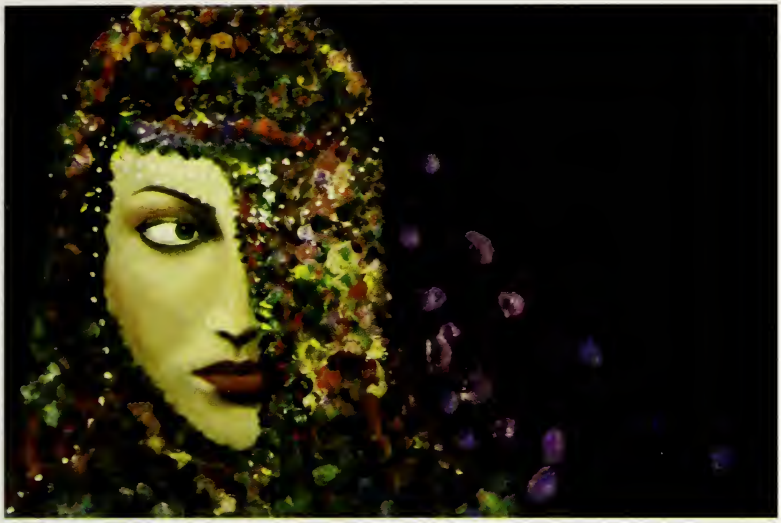
Black & White Photography with Sepia Wash

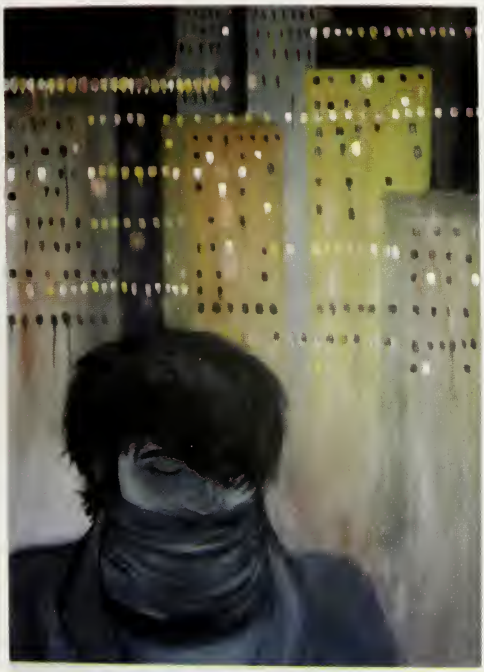


**Corinne Fleming**
*Gobular*
Acrylic on Canvas

**Skyela Heitz**
*Rebels* | *Self Portrait 1*
Acrylic on Panel

**Neil Horsky**
*Folger's Marsh* | *Cramp from the Ego Crank*
Oil on Canvas





**Theodora Kamenidis**
*Curiosity* | *Silence*
Acrylic on Canvas

**Drake King**

*Yellow Bike* | *Untitled (door)*

Printmaking Relief | Printmaking Photoetch

**Paula Kolek-Maconi**
*Kaiteur Falls, Guyana*
Color Photography

**Sheri Magini**
*Target Practice, Kansas*
Color Photography

**Jon Marino**

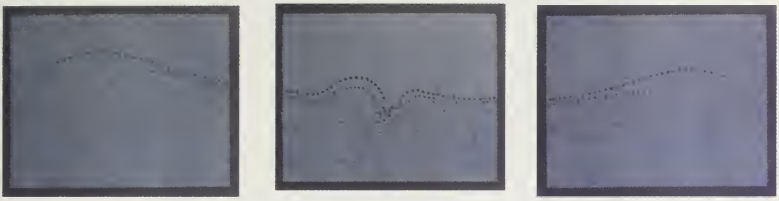
*Swiss Alps at 36,000 Feet* | *Cambridge University, England*

Color Photography

**Jon Marino**

*Cape Cod Buoys* | *Unicycle Rider, Walton Street, Oxford University*

Color Photography



**Lia Rousset**
*Flow* | *Caught*
Print | Photoetch

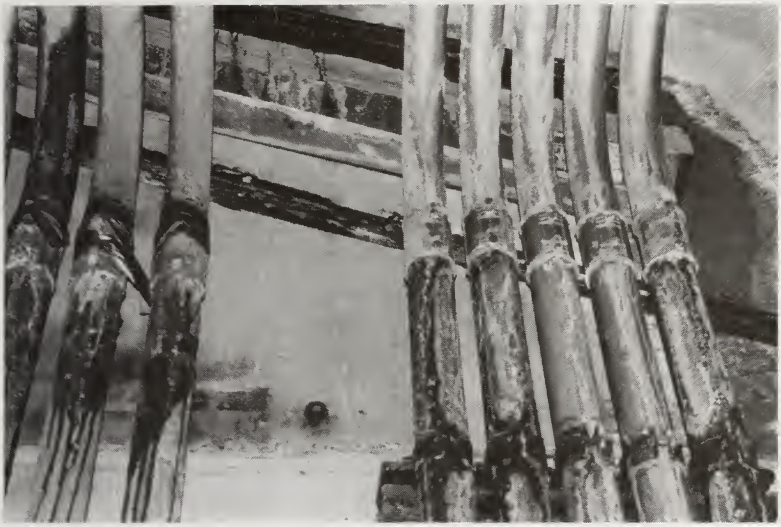
**Paul Sung**

*a girl with a cigarette, another* | *river's opening*

Nupastel | Charcoal

**Takeo Wakaki**
*Spiritual Carnival*
Acrylic

**Takeo Wakaki**
*Secret Garden* | *te love i*
Acrylic



**Jillian Ferragamo**
*Pipes* | *Stairs*
Black & White Photography

## Matthew Maddern

# *Terrorism in Context*

In the wake of September 11th 2001, the United States Government declared a "War on Terrorism" (Cleveland 542). The basic creed behind this is that "terrorism" is to be fought and deterred, however, the definition and categorization of terrorism is subjective. The importance of perspective becomes a crucial factor in determining just who in fact is a terrorist and who is a freedom fighter or otherwise justified in their actions.

"Terrorism" is a term that does not have an accepted universal definition. The United States Government defines terrorism as, "violent acts or acts dangerous to human life that . . . appear to be intended (i) to intimidate or coerce a civilian population; (ii) to influence the policy of a government by intimidation or coercion; or (iii) to affect the conduct of a government by assassination or kidnapping" (Hoffman). To exemplify the problems in making this distinction, I will put forth a case solely for argument's sake, that the Boston Massacre, the Boston Tea Party and other acts of the early American colonists could be classified as acts of terrorism according to the US Government. I will then compare and contrast others acts of "terrorism" through this perspective, such as the Palestinian activities in Israel. The goal of this argument is not to accuse American colonists of terrorism by any means, but to reveal how important perspective can be.

In present day Iraq, American troops are currently stationed throughout the country. The justification for their presence is to maintain order and stability from the continuing threat of terrorist violence (Bush). There are "terrorists," sometimes simply referred to as "insurgents," (Bush) operating in Iraq that seek to undermine the Iraqi government through tactics such as suicide bombing, planting bombs, shooting civilians, military and security personnel (Baghdad) as well as kidnapping government officials and civilians both Iraqi (Iraqis) and foreign (Foreign). This violent form of coercion amounts to terrorism under all three points of the US Government's aforementioned definition.

Boston, in 1770, was an occupied colonial city of the British Empire. Due to the instability and danger of "mob rule," the British troops patrolling the streets of Boston were there "solely as policemen" (Zobel 94). The volatile climate of Boston is noted by historian Hiller Zobel, when he observed that "[The "radicals"] … demonstrated violently that Boston's law and order rested solely in their hands" (177). On the night of March 5, eight British troops on patrol were confronted by a riotous crowd numbering, according to estimates, "less than 300 or 400 people" (Zobel 196). Captain Thomas Preston, commanding the British squad, maintained composure despite vocal challenges from the onslaught of the encroaching crowd, who shouted abuses such as, "damn you, you sons of bitches, fire" (Zobel 195). Boxed in against the wall of the Customs House, unable to force a way out of the surrounding crowd for fear of starting violence, Preston at one point positioned himself between the mob and his men to ensure there wouldn't be a shot fired out of nervousness. The British response to the harassment didn't materialize until someone in the mob brought a club down on Private Hugh Montgomery, causing him to drop his rifle and fall to the ice before receiving further blows. The club was then turned on Captain Preston. The Capitan was able to use his arm to shield his head from the attack, luckily, for if the club had landed as intended, it might have split Preston's skull (Zobel 198). It is only at this point that shots were fired at the now bloodthirsty crowd.

The British soldiers were subsequently tried but successfully defended by future President John Adams. Adams, who understood the chaos of the moment, commented on soldiers' actions of self defense during the trial, "[these] soldiers were in such a situation, that they could not help themselves" (Adams). The glorification of the "Boston Massacre," was trumped up by propagandists such as Samuel Adams to incite anti-British sentiment in the colonies (Zobel 301). Yet, in seeking to intimidate the British soldiers, who were there on behalf of the government, the Bostonians present at the Boston Massacre indeed fulfilled the first criterion of the US Government's definition of terrorism.

In considering the safety of soldiers, one can understand the right of self defense. Regular Palestinians have shown their displeasure at Israeli troops by throwing firebombs and stones at Israeli soldiers in protest of their continual and encroaching

presence (Cleveland 496). "Israeli citizens have lived in daily fear of being murdered by suicide bombers, car-bombs and gunmen;" (How can) these methods obviously pose a danger for the Israeli soldiers. Israel, in a tract issued by their embassy in Washington, DC commented on the Palestinian situation by stating, "only when the Palestinians finally abandon terrorism… can peace be possible" (How can).

Regardless of the age in which one lives, or the geographic location, assaulting armed soldiers is never a smart idea. However, the problem here lies in the lack of distinction between Palestinians and the "militants" on behalf of the Israelis. Throwing stones at Israeli soldiers has been cited as justified reason to use deadly force against Palestinians, often children (At least). These instances have often been used as rallying points by the "militants" for the justification of suicide bombing techniques. Although obviously varying in extremities, the tactic of intimidation observed in the ongoing Israeli-Palestinian conflict and the Boston Massacre, one might appreciate on some level the similarities in the dynamics between the "peacekeeping" security forces and the "violent" populace. Each example is an attempt of one group to violently enforce a will onto the representatives of the government's representatives, and, hence, influence the policy of that government; fulfilling the second criterion of the US Government's definition of terrorism.

In December of 1773, the Boston docks had become a political spectacle. Historian Benjamin Labaree wrote that as long as British soldiers were within their garrison, "the patriots ruled Boston's streets and waterfront" (133). The "patriots" sought to dissuade the local merchants, workers and civil officials from unloading goods from British ships in response to what they saw as an unjust tax (Boston). In one instance, John Hancock's ship had committed a technical violation and the official required to seize the vessel had brought his young son along with him. During the course of the ensuing argument, the young son of the official was "dragged through the streets and pelted with rocks and filth until rescued by friends" (Labaree 137). Whether or not their opposition was valid is not relevant; the relevancy lies in their actions to coerce others into behaving the way they wanted them to. Leading up to the Boston Tea Party, the "patriots" issued a notice to the people of Boston that read: "Anyone concerned with unloading the vessels would be treated

as wretches unworthy to live and will be made the first victims of our just resentment" (Labaree 133). During the tea party itself, a man was caught with a pocket full of tea that had spilt during the course of the activities and was given a "severe beating" for it (Labaree 141). In all, 90,000 tons of tea were dumped into the harbor amounting to about 9,000 British pounds (Labaree 141).

One could imagine the reception to the destruction of an American cargo ship containing say, millions of dollars in state-of-the-art computer equipment in a hostile part of the world. Since the contents aboard the vessel had not yet been unloaded, the tea was British property and, therefore, the destruction of said property was an attack on the British government. Likewise, the "patriot's" violent reproach on civil officials who were simply doing their job as well as the "patriot's" attack on British soldiers was an attempt to intimidate both the local government and the British government, respectively. This would fulfill the first two criterion of the US Government's definition of terrorism.

The issue that finally set in motion the War for Independence was the fatal march of British forces stationed in Boston to and from Concord, Massachusetts in an effort to seize a munitions storage facilities used by the "patriots" or "radicals" (Montross 9). In Lexington, a group of armed "militia" lined up on the village green and refused to disperse despite repeated orders from Major Pitcairn (Montross 10). Who in fact shot first is a historical mystery, although both sides argue that it was the other who had begun the day's violence (Montross 11). In keeping perspective, one of crucial objectives of the US forces in Iraq is to confiscate ammunition dumps (Coon). This is also a key element of Israel's policy towards the Palestinians (At least 3). After the shots were fired at Lexington, the word was spread of the British troops's intentions in Concord, and over 300 armed "militia" swarmed in from the surrounding countryside in order to resist the British (Montross 11). As the day's march turned into a "Black Hawk Down" scenario, the British concentrated their efforts on getting back to Boston safely due to the accumulation of hostile Massachusetts "militiamen" reaching over 2000 throughout the day at the cost of 273 British casualties (Montross 12).

The situation in Iraq today for American soldiers bears resemblance to British soldiers in 1775. Yet, in an effort to further emphasize the fine line between what a "terrorist" is

according to one party, and not to another, it is worth noting for historic value that the Israelis themselves were accused of participating in acts of terror during their own struggle for independence including sabotaging British communications and even assassinating the British minister of State (Cleveland 263). Now, Israelis are the persecutors of people engaging in terrorist activities that they themselves successfully employed.

Whether a person or persons are referred to as "terrorists," or "insurgents," or "radicals," or "patriots," or "militias," the basic violent tactics remain recognizable. If one were to label a group of violent agenda pursuers "terrorists," then surely the application of the term must be universal to all who resort to violence as defined by the US Government's definition. In accepting the fact that either Iraqi "insurgents" or Palestinian "militants" are terrorists, then one must consider at least, the possibility that some American colonists might have been "terrorists" also. The alternative then, in insisting that American colonists were not "terrorists," is to consider whether or not the Iraqi "insurgents" or Palestinian "militants" might not in fact be terrorists but perhaps might simply be attempting to free themselves from foreign rule. What I am hoping to impress upon people is not that the situations in Iraq or Palestine are identical or comparable in terms of bloodshed to the colonists but that the American rebellions do bear enough significant similarities to emphasize the importance of perspective in considering who is and who is not a "terrorist." Without contextualizing the acts of the American colonists, one would not be able to justify their actions to contemporary standards of terrorism.

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## Sarah McCormick

### *Even you, Paper.*

I'm scared of pet fish.

I know, I know, it's a strange phobia. They are harmless right? They are harmless physically; a little goldfish won't chomp my hand off or sting me in the eye. A pet fish won't go to the bathroom on the rug. They don't need to be walked or even petted. They are sort of impersonal pets. One doesn't exactly bond with a pet fish.

Well, I did.

It was fall, a week or two before Thanksgiving and I was utterly bored with the current state of my life. What better thing to perk up my days than a pet! Animals are great. They are waiting for you to get home all day. They make you feel wanted, needed and most importantly, loved.

After very little debate I decided that fish would be a great idea since I am often away from the apartment for extended periods of time. I called my best friend Andy and he came right over. We drove to Chinatown and found a pet store underneath a hole-in-the-wall Chinese food take-out joint.

There were dozens of stacked fish tanks with what looked literally like piles of various types of fish inside. The men chatting immediately stopped, eyed us, and then went about their conversation.

After picking out three of the cutest (can fish really be cute?) the storekeeper tossed them in a plastic bag, tied a knot and sent us on our way.

Now let me emphasize that these are exotic fish. Not just your typical goldfish. They have needs, real needs like fancy food and

even heated water. So after buying the necessary supplies, we hauled home.

I was the most excited about setting up the tank. I purchased all sorts of crazy colorful plastic plants and even a plastic coral reef. I imagined them playing hide-and-go-seek or napping in the little crevices. It was a precious thought.

Immediately after the little friends were released to their new home I announced that it was time to name them.

I wanted them to have names that related to each other, united them, made them family! You know, like Sonny and Cher; peanut butter and jelly; Crosby, Stills and Nash; Simon and Garfunkel. After laughing for nearly an hour over possible names I settled on Rock, Paper and Scissors.

One fish was a tan color so that was paper. The gray one was rock and the red one, scissors!

I went to sleep happily that night. I was really beginning to feel like a mother to these young fish. It was quite rewarding. I woke up the next morning refreshed and ready to feed my babies. I peered into the tank and saw both Paper and Scissors swimming leisurely, but Rock was no where to be found. I assumed he was just hanging out in the coral reef as I had anticipated, but something seemed wrong. I don't know if it was the budding maternal instincts, but I knew Rock was in danger. I looked down at my feet and saw the small, fragile body of Rock lying on the hardwood floor. I gasped, clearly distraught, and cradled Rock in my dry hands. Rock was also dry and somewhat hard. I called Andy for moral support and he talked me through flushing his remains down the toilet. I was pretty upset, wondering how Rock got out of the tank and why, but my thoughts stopped there.

One down, two to go.

A week later I went home for Thanksgiving, leaving the care of the two remaining fish with my roommate. I gave him strict feeding directions, tank-cleaning procedures, everything short of a scheduled naptime list.

Upon my return I found a shocking scene inside the fish tank. Not only was Scisssors dead but he was cruelly *eaten*. Paper had grown noticeably in size and chunks of Scissors' scaly body was dispersed throughout the tank's water. Paper appeared to have a smirk on his face if you can believe it. Great, now the fish has human qualities. I was livid. I couldn't figure out what had gone wrong. They're all the same type of fish. Why don't they love each other?

To my dismay the water heater also broke. I purchased a new one the following day, but it set me back a good thirty dollars. I left the pet store angrily. These fish were getting costly.

Days went on and having a pet fish was not amounting to anything really. Paper was now massive—considerably larger than any of the other fish ever were. His greed had become quite clear.

I came up with the theory that from the very beginning Paper had a plan of action to get all of the food and the tank space to himself. I never would have expected it from a fish. A cat maybe, perhaps even some sort of amphibian, but not an innocent *fish*.

Not only had Paper forced Rock to commit suicide on the first night, but he waited until I was gone to eat Scissors behind my back. I resented Paper like nothing before. He had single-handedly destroyed my perfect pet idea.

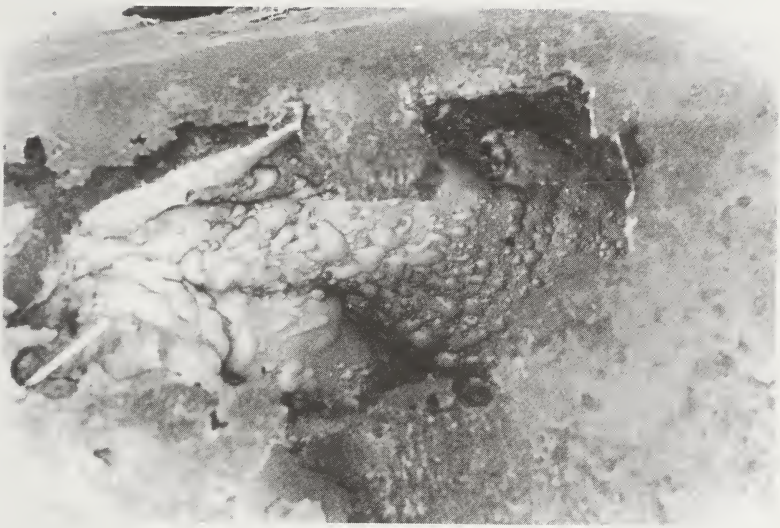
Weeks passed and Paper continued to grow. Part of me wanted to stop feeding him because my hatred for him was growing. I couldn't do it though. The tank was murky, but the water still warm until one afternoon the water heater broke, again. The light which shows the power is on was not lighting up. I was frustrated and over my pet fish phase so I made Andy come over to help me do the job. We flushed Paper. Sure, I felt bad about it partly. The other part of me thought he got what he deserved for treating his brother fish the way he did.

An hour later I went back in my room to clean up the tank and I noticed that the heater had merely come unplugged. It hadn't broken at all. I jiggled the plug and the power light lit up. I killed

Paper.

I have never in my life willingly killed any living thing. The fact that pet fish lead me to such an act terrifies me to this very day. I am scared of pet fish.

Rest in peace Rock, Paper and Scissors. I loved you all. Even you, Paper.



**Brianna Battiest**
*Pollution*
Black & White Photography

**Justyna Przygocka**

## *Ukrainian media before and after the Orange Revolution in relation to the Russian media*

The Orange Revolution was one of the latest victories for "people power" in Eastern Europe. The events of Ukrainian November and December of 2004 illustrated an enormous, national struggle for real independence as opposed to independence declared in December 1991 when the old nomenclature (former Communist Party officials-recast as national patriots) took over the government, renamed institutions, streets, squares etc. but did not change the way of running the country. Just for a little while the Ukrainians thought they regained the independence lost after the World War II, but this illusion did not last long. It turned out quite soon that the stamp of communism was long lasting. One of the most significant and reliable factors indicating that the old era had not yet finished was shrinking freedom of speech in Ukrainian media. In correlation with recent events in Ukrainian politics it raises a question of objectivity in Ukrainian media today: Has anything changed? What has President Yushchenko done within almost half a year of running his office in order to restore freedom of speech in Ukraine as he had promised his fellow natives? A lot of commentators on the subject recognize an enormous improvement in this matter as opposed to the reality of the Russian media world which, until December 2004, was a model for Ukraine.

Ukrainian media before the Orange Revolution did not fall under the category of free. The same as Russian journalists' world (which has recently been categorized by Freedom House as Not Free) Ukraine's was threatened on a daily basis and forced to "inform" the society in accordance with the government's line. During the Kuchma presidency the authorities brought under control all popular non-governmental media. They forced censorship, persecuted and killed journalists. These cases attracted lots of attention from public opinion, like the case of investigative journalist Heorhiy Gongadze who was kidnapped on September 16th 2000 and a few days later found dead and beheaded in the forest nearby Kiyv. Even though an investigation

has started the question of who was responsible for Gongadze's death has never been answered. The investigation was successfully blocked by Kuchma and his backers since they had a lot to lose. From the tapes of private conversations released by his former bodyguard it became almost clear that the president was involved in this murder. The tapes revealed, also, cast suspicions that the president along with his closest advisors and coworkers were involved in the huge corruption system spread across the country, therefore they had a lot to hide. The government influenced the media through their owners: several families and business groups among them the Dnipropetrovsk oligarch and Kuchma's son-in-law, Victor Pinchuk, who acquired his shares (like the others) at under-valued price. This way Yushchenko's predecessor could have dictated to the media how to cover the news and remain unaccountable to society.

These links between the government and media were a reflection of the authoritarian Russian model implemented by President Putin just after a few years of slight relief during Yeltsin's presidency. An excellent example introduced an independent investigative journalist—Yevgenia Albats in "Reporting Stories in Russian That No One Will Publish"—a report for The Nieman Foundation. She summarized her efforts to publish articles that were not favorable for the authorities. Whenever she touched "forbidden" topics such as violation of human rights by the KGB, corruption of the elites or their ties to "mysterious" disappearances of "inconvenient" persons she was denied the possibility to publish the articles. She sought opportunities to publish her work in independent media, but they either were not so independent or in the meantime they were bought by the oligarchs (frequently "the heroes" of her reports) or simply the editor's office was too weak to afford such heavy material, being afraid of repressive measures such as doubling or even tripling the bills on electricity, water or office rent. As the author says, "they were brutally honest." Trying to reveal the truth she became dangerous; therefore nasty phone calls and letters of the "You deserve a bullet" kind became part of her life. By late 1998 editors's offices hiring the journalists of her type accounted for 1.42 percent out of all national media, one year later the number shrunk to 0.7 percent. After Putin became president the situation worsened each day until there was no free press except minor newspapers; that led Freedom House to

categorize Russia as a "Not Free" country.

However, the Ukranian media situation was slightly different from the Russian. Russian society has a long history of authoritarian rulers, whereas Ukraine more recently fell under authoritarian forms of government. Before World War II Ukraine was a strong independent country. Yalta decided Ukraine's fate. As a result the society's mentality was remodeled by a new form of exercising power. However, after regaining "independence" in 1991 and being forced to witness the impunity of those who ran the country, the society matured to regain real independence and redevelop into the civil society. It was the factor that changed the future of Ukrainian media and society. In contrast to Russian society, Ukrainians were able to make use of limited independent media and make themselves heard around the globe. Their courage caused an avalanche. At the very beginning only two independent TV channels broadcasted Yushchenko's campaign whereas in national media eighty-five percent of air time was given to his rival Victor Yanukovych. The orange team made use of the Internet. According to Adrian Karatnycky "by November 2004, Ukraine, with a population of 48 million people, boasted some 6 million distinct users accessing the Internet. A lion's share of Internet access was generated by residents of Kiev and other major cities- where the civic protest became the most widespread and opposition the most determined." In late December during the campaign, government controlled media joined the orange camp, saying they had had "enough of telling government's lies." Journalists in Ukraine responded to the call by Yushchenko for them to reject government censorship. Probably no one suspected at the beginning that a rebellion would spread so much around the country. The journalists realized that people gained power over these few weeks. They knew how much effort it cost the authorities to force Yushchenko off the race and eventually they did not succeed. They realized that the opposition was strong, even though the opposition itself at this time doubted in their own strength. This moment became a resurrection of media, but it was only the beginning. The road is long and there is a lot to do. It is going to cost a lot of time, money and effort.

The first positive results already can be seen, though. President Victor Yushchenko step-by-step fulfills his promises from the inauguration speech when he said that: "We will

hear each other because we will have freedom of speech and independent media." He guaranteed not to interfere in media activity, to maintain media laws and to provide fair and transparent rules of the game. In this situation media became the President's partner. The Reporters Without Borders reported some improvement in government-society relations. The new authorities are trying to rectify the mistakes of the old regime, investigate the journalists's murders and to reform media. For example in the case of Gongadze, the victim's body is being re-examined by new investigators. The effort to find the people who committed or ordered this murder has been reinforced. Three suspects have already been imprisoned but others are still at large. It was announced in March that the case was solved but the documents have not been forwarded to the court yet and the details have not been released. The first three months of the orange power proved that the cooperation between re-born media and new government is satisfactory for both sides, even though some troubles still exist. For example, some reporters of the biggest channel, Inter, were not allowed to enter the first meeting of Prime Minister Yuliya Tymoshenko with other ministers. After it was reported in press, journalists were able to do their job without obstacles. The government does not react to criticism by means of censorship letters and does not limit the work of the media. The broadcasting companies try to increase the number of discussion programs in which both the opposition's and authorities' representatives take part. However, one would fool himself trying to believe that everything changed overnight. It is going to take some time to develop truly independent media in Ukraine. The most recent analysis of the subject presented by Marta Dyczok, an Associate Professor at the University of Western Ontario, reveals that the situation of the media has improved, especially on a national level; but on the regional level a lot remains the same since the same people (oligarchs or local oblast governments) still own the media. The three national channels UT1, 1+1, and Inter have full national coverage according to a deal from Soviet times. If any other channels wish to expand their coverage into new areas they need to negotiate to do so with each individual oblast. The stations that are around were established by oligarchs as a part of their empire. They also own parts of the city, therefore no one will speak against the employers. It is quite common that new stations

are a little biased in favor of their own parent companies but in this case the problem is more serious because most of the people in the area cannot afford cable, so they really have no choice but local news. These empires were built throughout the years. Those who are in charge of them have numerous connections, and to overthrow them is not an easy task. It is going to take some time, probably a new generation has to enter the business, but the most important step has been made and Ukraine can afford more optimistic views on the media issue.

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Karatnycky, Adrian. "Ukraine's Orange Revolution." Foreign Affairs March/April 2005.

www.orangeukraine.spacesquare.com

www.kipiani.org

# but wait, there's more

# A Literary Guide to Boston

After receiving the honor of updating *The Watermark*'s first ever "Literary Guide to Boston," I soon realized that cataloging the literary goings on in the Greater Boston area was no small task.

The history in Boston's literary scene has thoroughly seeped into my own history. I've mourned over Beth at Orchard House, reflected on Thoreau's damn bean plants at the shore of Walden Pond, and (quite romantically, I thought as a teen), went parking with a boy and a *Collected Works* outside of E. E. Cummings's house in Cambridge. These experiences have left their marks on me as an English Major, a lover of literature, and as a writer. A great book, if one is interested in exploring the historical literary landscape in our area, is William Corbett's *Literary New England: a History and Guide*, which will provide a briefing on the literary history of just about any town in New England.

But what we are attempting to provide here at *The Watermark* is a chance to participate in the history-in-the-making of Boston's present literary scene, which is as fulfilling, as active and as interesting as ever. However, I must note, after compiling my research I discovered the abundance of opportunities for you poets to get your work out there and lamented the lack of venues for fiction writers. And so, as I provide you with this guide, I also pose a challenge to whomever is interested: make a space for fiction in the weekly and monthly events around town that will someday find their way into this rich history.

This list builds off the original list, compiled by my co-editor Erica Mena, which appeared in the Fall '04 edition, and is by no means complete (if you have any suggestions please email us at watermark@umb.edu). Still, we hope it gets you out there and exploring what the literary community has to offer.

—Amber Johns

Because this is a living community, some things have changed and some have not changed from last year. To make this easier to move through, I've constructed three "sections" of interest. The first section is **Live**, and includes reading series, open-mic nights, slams, workshops and other participatory things. The second is **In Print**, and covers local journals, magazines, presses. Finally, there is a **Resources** section, focusing mostly on online resources and independant bookstores. I've provided web information when available, and other contact information when it's not.

## Live

With so many venues, series, open-mics and workshops going on, it is impossible to catalogue them all. Especially since artists are intrinsically transient and things change frequently. Below is a list of regular series, venues and open-mics. For more temporal events, such as one-time readings, try checking the *Boston Phoenix* Calendar, the *Boston Globe* Calendar, or the other resources listed at the end of this guide.

### *Reading Series*

#### Blacksmith House Poetry Series

www.ccae.org/events/blacksmith.html
Cambridge Center for Adult Education
56 Brattle St., Cambridge
617-547-6789
Not, as the name suggests, exclusively poetry. They've been at it since Gail Mazur founded the series over thirty years ago – and they've managed to keep it fresh. The fairly intimate setting in the middle of Harvard Square is the perfect in terms of proximity and accessibility, and often readers will chat with the audience informally afterwards. Tickets are $3 (except when they're having slightly more expensive benefits, which is rare but usually worthwhile).

## Doc Brown's Poetry Theater

Zeitgeist Gallery
13 53 Cambridge St., Inman Square
Tuesdays 7-9 P.M. $5
An eight-poet ensemble performs a new show of original poetry every week.

## Fireside Reading Series

www.cambridgecohousing.org/poetry
Cambridge Cohousing
175 Richdale Ave., Cambridge
Molly: 617-354-8242
Usually on the last Tuesday of each month with an amazing roster of local poets and writers.
7:30 open mic, 7:45 featured readers, followed by a wine and cheese reception.

## Harvard Lectures and Readings

www.news.harvard.edu/gazette/calendar
Despite their unwillingness to share their library (except for the Lamont Library's Woodbury Poetry Room, which is open to the public) Harvard offers readings and lectures in poetry, art, criticism and all sorts of other things that are often free and open to the public.

## MIT Readings

http://events.mit.edu
MIT is an underutilized resource for literary and poetry events….their series is interesting and usually free to the public.

## Out of the Blue Gallery

www.outoftheblueartgallery.com
106 Prospect St., Cambridge
An independent art gallery in Cambridge that generously supports poetry and fiction reading events and series, Out of the Blue offers a range of regular events, including poetry open-mics and prose readings. It's worth going to check out the always unique artwork alone.

## Stone Soup Poets

617-354-8287
Felipe Victor Martinez: CozmicOrangePres@aol.com
Mondays at 8 P.M. $4
Legendary to some, this is perhaps the oldest reading series in Boston, running for some thirty years. From what I can gather it's a group, or

society of 'underground' poets (as in, not in the Academy). Founded by Jack Powers, who himself holds near-legendary status and is associated with at least one local press (*Ibbetson*). It meets at the Out of the Blue Gallery (listed above) and is an open-mic with featured poet.

### *Open Mic*

#### Club Passim
www.clubpassim.com
47 Palmer St. Harvard Square
617-492-7679
Tuesdays 7 P.M. $5; Members free.
Mostly music (of the folk variety) but open to poetry too.

#### Gallery Diablo Poetry Reading
1514 Tremont St., Mission Hill
Tuesdays at 7 P.M. Free.

#### Emack and Bolio
2 Belgrade Ave., Roslindale
Marc: 617 469-6862
The last Thursday of every month. Free
Open mic poetry with featured poets.

#### RSVP POETRY
Cafe Mosheh - Courthouse Deli
499B Washington St., Dorchester
617 288-8813
Tuesdays 8 P.M.
Every seat must be reserved for $10 – which includes an all vegetarian dinner. Featured poets, singers, musicians, and more.

### *Workshops*

#### Grub Street
www.grubstreet.org
It was hard to know where to include this organization, but as a writing center founded by writers (and claiming to be Boston's only independent one) it seemed best under workshops. Incredible is probably the only word that comes close to encompassing the range of things covered by this group, from open-mics, workshops, readings and seminars. You will be doing yourself a great disservice if you don't at least check out their website.

## Joiner Center Writer's Workshop

www.joinercenter.umb.edu

At the University of Massachusetts Boston every summer, a two-week writer's workshop with groups in poetry, fiction, non-fiction, translation and playwriting. Focused on, but not exclusively about, political poetry and war, it is an incredible experience at an incredible price for a workshop of this magnitude. There is also a free public reading series that accompanies the workshop.

### *Gatherings*

A place to talk about your poetry or poetry in general.

## Breakfast with the Bards

Finagle a Bagel
Harvard Square
Doug Holder: ibbestonpress@msn.com
An open discussion group where poets meet to discuss poetry, the poetry scene, network, or shoot the bull. No open-mic, it is just an informal writers group.

## The Poetry Exchange

The Harvard Coop
Harvard Square
Richard Moore: 617-489-0519
Second Sunday of every month 3-5 P.M.
Discuss your work or someone elses.

### *Slam*

If you're like me you probably don't know much about slam poetry – but it is well worth educating yourself. Focusing primarily on the performance aspect of poetry, it's participatory to the extreme with national competitions and prizes and everything. It's sports poetry. Innovative, vibrant and exciting are the best adjectives to describe this response to the formality of academic literature. But try it out, or conversely if you're already involved in slam try out academic literature, and you'll see that the two taken together create a dialectic that is engaging and necessary.

## Cantab Lounge

www.cantablounge.com
www.slamnews.com
738 Mass. Ave., Central Square

Hosting the longest running, most popular slam venue in the Boston area, Cantab Lounge's open mic begins at 7 P.M.; but arrive a half hour early to sign up. Slam usually starts around 11 P.M. immediately following the Featured Poet for the evening. Both the best and worst aspects of contemporary Performance Poetry can be heard each week during the "slam" portion of the evening. If you're more of a classicist, you may want to sign up for the open mike, read your Petrarchan sonnet, and leave.
The website has a comprehensive venue listing for Massachusetts as well.

### Lizard Lounge

www.poetryjam.com
1667 Mass. Ave., Cambridge
617-547-0759
Poetry Slam Jam Sundays @ 7:30 w/ Jeff Robinson Trio. $5, 21+
A close competitor for the spot of #1 slam venue with the Cantab, this venue is known for the innovative backings of the Jeff Robinson Trio, among other things. If you check out the Cantab, and it's not quite your scene, you may still want to give this one a shot.
Open mic starts at 9.

## In Print

Boston has almost unlimited publishing resources. But presses, journals and magazines aren't just about getting your work included – many offer internship and volunteer opportunities that will get you an inside look into the publishing world. I am personally of the opinion that the Boston publishing world is one of the top in the country, if not for the variety of options then for the supportive community it has fostered. Almost all of the organizations listed are looking for interns, or have ways to get actively involved with them. Also, they almost all accept unsolicited submissions so if you're looking to get published start locally and check these out.

### Agni

www.bu.edu/agni
Published out of, but not necessarily part of, Boston University, *Agni* is one of the staples of the literary scene, not just in Boston but nation-wide. If you don't know about them, it's time to learn. Mostly established writers, they do make an effort towards diversity and have open submissions. They are known for discovering and printing writers

early in their career (like Ha Jin and Jumpha Lahiri) and are definitely the ones to watch for emerging talent. They also have a Boston oriented mailing list for upcoming events.

### Beacon Press

www.beacon.org

An independent Boston-based publisher of fiction and nonfiction, publishing since 1854, they have an impressive catalogue and great internship opportunities!

### Boston Review

http://bostonreview.net

A political and literary journal out of MIT, they have hosted listings of internships, poetry, and lots of politics for 30 years.

### Hanging Loose Press

www.hanginglosepress.com

Although technically published out of New York, two of their editors live and work in Boston. Politically aware, community oriented and especially strong in "discovering" new writers (like Sherman Alexie), they have been publishing since 1966. Plus, they are some of the nicest people in the literary community.

### Heat City

www.heatcityreview.com

Accepting submissions in poetry, fiction, non-fiction, and artwork. Based in Somerville.

### Ibbetson Street Press

http://homepage.mac.com/rconte

Another press in Somerville, founded and run by Doug Holder (of *The Somerville News*), which publishes a twice-yearly poetry journal and books from local poets. Concentrating, from what I can tell, on non-academy lyrical poetry.

### Night Train

www.nighttrainmagazine.com

A press out of Revere, founded by Rusty Barnes. It concentrates on fiction and close work with the authors they publish.

### Ploughshares

www.pshares.org

The literary journal at Emerson, this journal is perhaps the most important academic literary journal in Boston, if not nation wide. Each issue is published with a different guest editor, which encourages diversity within the journal. In addition to being one of the best known journals in the Boston area, they have one of the best websites around, including comprehensive events listings for a number of cities.

### Post Road Magazine

www.postroadmag.com

Fairly new and exciting, printing works in fiction, poetry and non-fiction. Also includes an art section and recommendations (for those of us who don't have long enough reading lists already….).

### Pressed Wafer Magazine

www.durationpress.com/pressedwafer

Both a magazine and a press, this relatively new effort involves some of the best in Boston. Definitely worth checking out, and the best way to do that is to buy the magazine.

### Quick Fiction

www.quickfiction.org

As you may have guessed, this is a "microfiction" only journal. Each story can be read in under three minutes (assuming a reasonable level of literacy) and is only one page long, but you will want to spend more time with each one. Provides an interesting format, based in Jamaica Plain with opportunities to get involved or submit.

### Redivider

http://pages.emerson.edu/publications/redivider

Out of Emerson, they are seeking submissions in poetry, fiction and non-fiction, plays, translations and art. Publishes both new and previously published writers.

### Salamander

No website that I could find. Publishing poetry, fiction and memoir – out of Brookline.

### The Singing Bone Press

http://singingbonepress.homestead.com

With a less-than-informative website, all I can tell you about this press is that they are located in Somerville and focus on poetry and Boston area poets who work outside the "academy."

# Resources

## *Online*

**www.massculturalcouncil.org**
The Massachusetts Cultural Council provides a huge amount of (mostly financial) resources for visual and literary artists online. Also has a great list of resourses, both state and nationwide.

**www.poets.org**
An immense online collection of poetry and poems. Also has events listings.

**www.poetrysociety.org**
Perhaps the best general online resource, their site includes a comprehensive listing of presses, journals, conferences, bookstores and so much more.

**www.poetz.com**
Online Boston Poetry Calendar
Despite billing itself as a Boston Poetry Calendar, over half the listings are for venues and events in central and western Massachusetts. Still, it is a good resource for events that may not be listed in more mainstream publications. It is a little out of date.

**http://poetry.miningco.com**
Articles, reviews, some links. Online newsletter if you like articles.

**www.e-poets.net/library/slam/**
Provides a history of slam poetry, for anyone who is interested.

## *Libraries and Independent Bookstores*

Both a great place to snag a copy of a new release or an old favorite, and to see a reading. Almost all listings have a regular events calendar of some sort.

### Boston Book Annex
www.rarebook.com/bba.htm
906 Beacon St., Boston

**Brookline Booksmith**
www.brooklinebooksmith.com
A great independent bookstore, with readings and other events.

**Grolier Poetry Book Shop**
www.grolierpoetrybookshop.com
The oldest poetry bookstore in the United States, their collection is impressive. In Harvard Square, they also hold and advertise readings.

**Harvard's Lamont Library Woodbury Poetry Room**
This is the ONLY part of the extensive Harvard Library system that is open to the public, and you may have to try a bit to get into it, but it's worthwhile. In addition to housing original Robert Lowell manuscripts (among other treasures) it is perhaps the most extensive collection of poetry Boston. They also subscribe to almost every journal and review.

**Lorum Ipsum**
157 Hampshire St., Cambridge
A cozy little shop and a great place to sell your used books. They'll take almost anything and they won't rip you off.

**McIntyre and Moore Booksellers**
www.mcintyreandmoore.com
255 Elm St., Davis Square
In the fast-fading world of independent booksellers, this is one well worth spending an afternoon in.

**Newtonville Books**
www.newtonvillebooks.com
296 Walnut St., Newton
Fiction and poetry readings, and lots of great books!

**Porter Square Books**
http://www.portersquarebooks.com/NASApp/store/IndexJsp
Porter Square Shopping Center
25 White St.

**Raven Used Books**
52 B John F Kennedy, Harvard Square

The Watermark is UMass Boston's student-run journal of arts and literature. Produced bi-annually it serves as an outlet for the highest quality writing and visual art by UMass Boston's undergraduate and graduate student body.

Submissions are accepted year round and are selected by staff members via a democratic and anonymous process with the overall goal of offering students an opportunity to be published. Information about submitting or getting involved can be found online.

The Watermark is supported primarily by student fees and is available for free on the UMass Boston campus.

For a donation of $15 for an individual or $20 for an institution we will send you that year's issues of The Watermark (2 issues).

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